

SCREENLAND



June

15¢

★
WHAT
OLLYWOOD
HAS
TAUGHT
GUY
MADISON



Shirley
Temple



there is no substitute for the professional touch . . .



YOUR BEAUTICIAN'S SKILLED
PROFESSIONAL TOUCH AND A

Helene Curtis Cold Wave

BRING OUT THE HIDDEN BEAUTY OF YOUR HAIR

LOOK FOR THIS EMBLEM
... THE SYMBOL
OF PROFESSIONAL SKILL



For the most natural looking permanent you've ever enjoyed—soft, manageable and long lasting . . . ask for a genuine Helene Curtis Cold Wave, given by the skilled hands of your professional beautician.

have you tried SUAVE . . . the miracle cosmetic for the hair



"You make a lovely couple, Pet!"

GIRL: Me and the Falls, you mean?

CUPID: Who else? Funny thing, though, some girls come here with *husbands*. Honeymooning, I think they call it. But, of course, *they're* girls with sparkling smiles.

GIRL: Listen, my fine feathered fiend, if I could coax a little sparkle into my smile, I would, believe me! I brush my teeth regularly, but all I get is—

CUPID: Maybe some "pink" on your tooth brush?

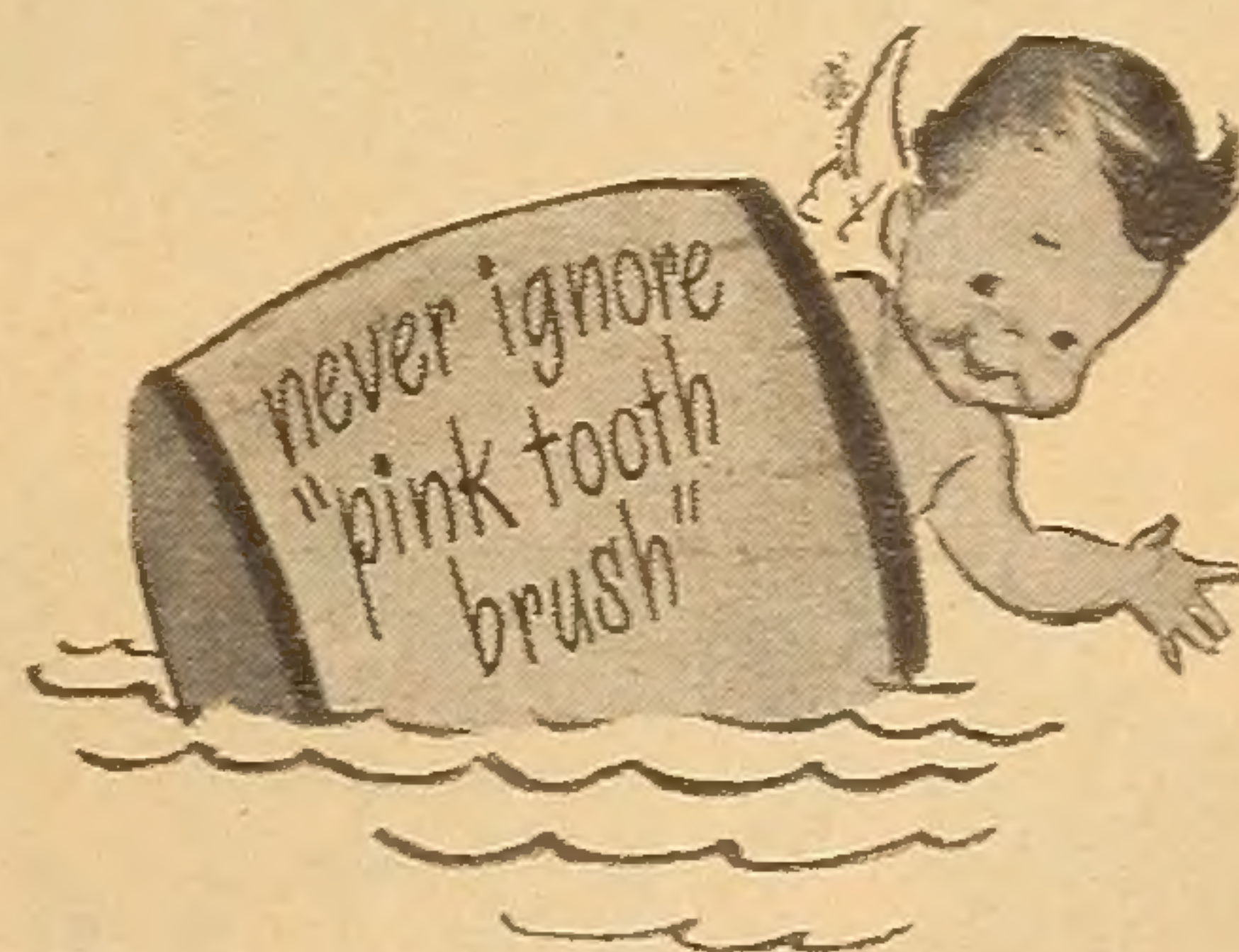


GIRL: Bright, aren't you ... and what's a little "pink" in my young life?

CUPID: Grow up, youngster. "Pink" is a sign to *see your dentist*. He'll tell you what's behind it. And if it turns out to be simply a case of soft foods robbing your gums of exercise, like as not he'll suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

GIRL: Fine, fine ... but by what higher mathematics does all this add up to one big, bright smile?

CUPID: Elementary, my dear witless. Sparkling smiles depend largely on firm, healthy gums. And Ipana's designed not only to clean teeth but, with gentle massage, to help gums. So if your dentist advises massage with Ipana ... go to it, gal, for your smile's sake. You'll stop mooning and start honeymooning!



For the Smile of Beauty—
Ipana
and Massage



Product of Bristol-Myers

Van Johnson ♥ June Allyson

(In a NEW and DIFFERENT role...with the screen's most lovable girl)

A spectacular adventure-romance
by the authors of
"Mutiny On The Bounty"



THRILL to the crash at sea!

THRILL to the tornado!

THRILL to the water-tower rescue!

He wanted to stay
in the arms of his first
true love — but another
woman claimed him!

M-G-M presents

"HIGH BARBAREE"

(Where every lover's fondest dream comes true!)

THOMAS MITCHELL · MARILYN MAXWELL · HENRY HULL · CLAUDE JARMAN, Jr.

Screen Play by ANNE MORRISON CHAPIN, WHITFIELD COOK and CYRIL HUME

Based on the Novel by CHARLES NORDHOFF and JAMES NORMAN HALL

Produced by EVERETT RISKIN · Directed by JACK CONWAY

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

SCREENLAND

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On Our Cover: Portrait of SHIRLEY TEMPLE, starring in RKO's "Hon-ey-moon" and "The Bachelor and the Bobby-Sox-er." Photo by Jack Albin.

First Run Features

The Editor's Page.....	Delight Evans	27
<i>An Open Letter to Fredric March</i>		
Dancin' Man.....	Paul Marsh	29
<i>Gene Kelly's mind is as nimble as his feet</i>		
Read All About Bob Hope, Tycoon.....	Neil Rau	30
<i>The head of Hope Enterprises is split more ways than Sinatra</i>		
Fred Robbins Right Off the Record.....	Fred Robbins	33
<i>Disk jockey has hep-cats moaning for more platter chatter</i>		
Mr. Exhibitor Has His Fling.....	Alyce Canfield	34
<i>Scoop story of Louis K. Ansell's first movie production</i>		
Connie, The Colonel's Lady.....	Fields Varner	37
<i>Constance Bennett prefers being just Mrs. Jack Coulter</i>		
Good Enough for Grable.....	Fredda Dudley	39
<i>Dan Dailey never made a musical. Now he's Betty's dancing partner</i>		
"I'm the Luckiest Man in the World,".....		
Says Van Johnson.....	to Alyce Canfield	40
<i>Van's first interview since his marriage</i>		
Graduate from "Career Adolescence".....	Ruth Tildesley	42
<i>After four years in Hollywood, Tom Drake has found himself</i>		
Home Is the Sailor.....	David J. Atchison	44
<i>Welcome back, Sterling Hayden</i>		
Meet John Mills.....	Hettie Grimstead	46
<i>Exclusive interview with Mr. Pip of "Great Expectations"</i>		
What Hollywood Has Taught Guy Madison.....	Ben Maddox	48
<i>But he hasn't learned anything he didn't know about love</i>		
Tradition Buster.....	Elizabeth B. Petersen	54
<i>Born to be a Boston banker, Sonny Tufts likes movie acting better</i>		
Just the Right Tone.....	Florence Pritchett	56
<i>Savoir faire with a sense of humor—that's Franchot Tone</i>		

PLUS: Exclusive Color Camera Shots

Don't Call Her "The Body"! : Marie McDonald, in "Living in a Big Way".....	28
Betty Hutton, star of "The Perils of Pauline".....	32
Henry Fonda, in "The Long Night".....	36
Happy Hayward: Susan Hayward, in "They Won't Believe Me".....	38
Tom Drake, currently in "The Beginning or the End".....	43
Kathryn Grayson, now being seen in "It Happened in Brooklyn".....	47

PLUS: The Hollywood Scene Current and to Come

Hot from Hollywood.....	6
Your Guide to Current Films.....	8
Screen Tests.....	12
Fans' Forum.....	14
In the Spring.....	24
The Family Ford (Glenn Ford).....	50
Photo Previews.....	58
Here's Hollywood.....	62
SCREENLAND Salutes "Welcome Stranger".....	66

PLUS: For Femmes Only

Ready for Summer?.....	Claire Finucane	18
Guide to Glamor.....		20
SCREENLAND Hollywood Fashions: Going Away Fashions, posed by Martha Vickers.....	Mary Ellen Martin	52

JUNE, 1947

VOLUME FIFTY-ONE
NUMBER EIGHT

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SCREENLAND. Published monthly by Liberty Magazine, Inc., at 37 West 57th St., New York 19, N. Y. Advertising Offices, 37 West 57th St., New York; 400 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.; 649 S. Olive St., Los Angeles 14, Calif. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by return postage. They will receive careful attention, but SCREENLAND assumes no responsibility for their safety. Yearly subscriptions \$2.00 in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba and Mexico; \$2.50 in Canada; foreign \$3.00. When entering a new subscription please allow not less than 60 days for your first copy to reach you. When renewing your subscription, prompt remittance helps to assure continuous service. Changes of address must reach us five weeks in advance. Be sure to give both old and new address and zone or other information necessary. Entered as second class matter, September 23, 1930, at the Post Office, New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Ill. Copyright 1947 by Liberty Magazine, Inc.

MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR



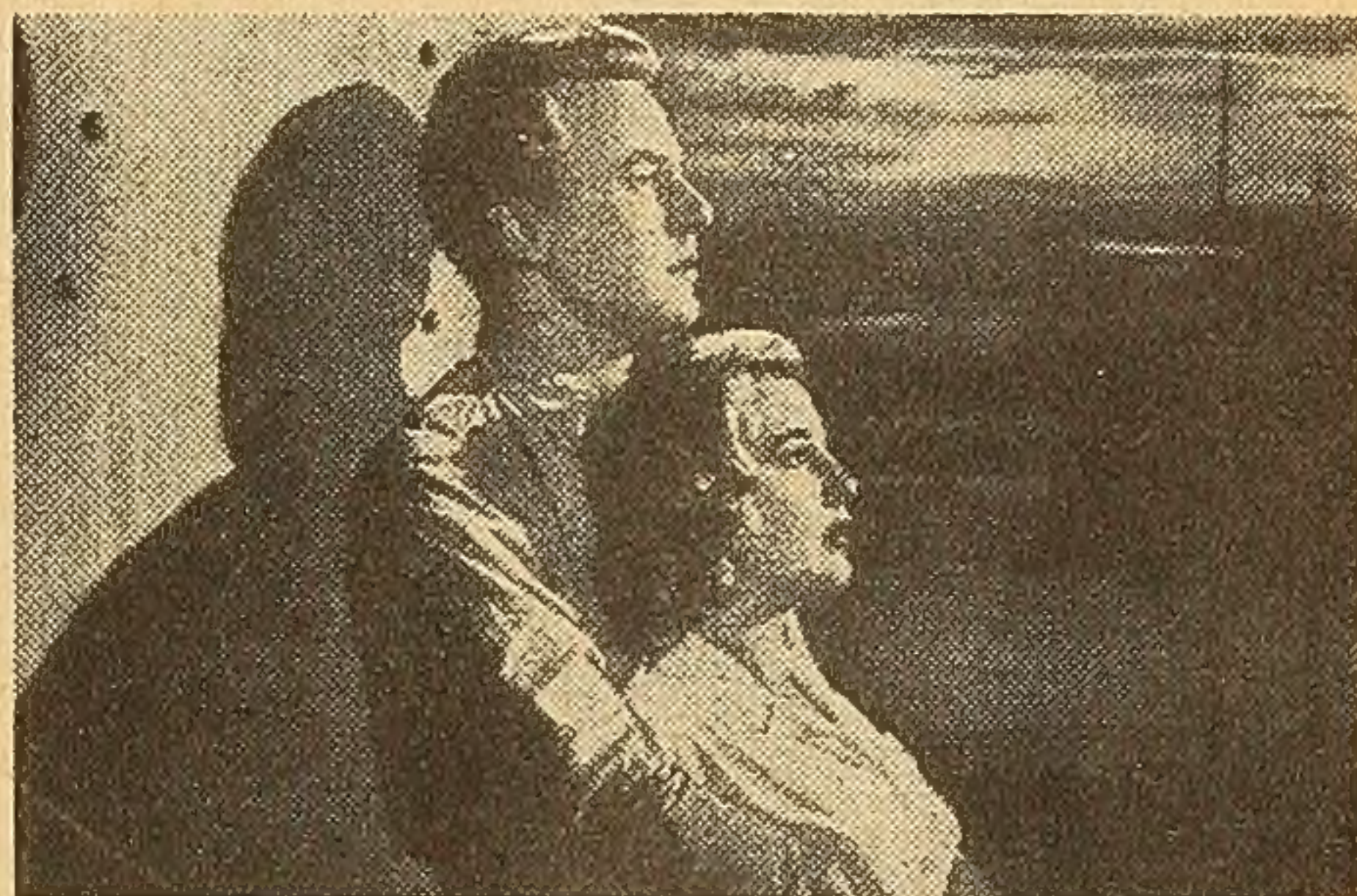
Published in
this space
every month

The greatest
star of the
screen!

"High Barbaree" hits a new high in adventure. "High Barbaree" hits a new high in romance.

Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall, who wrote the famous "Mutiny on the Bounty", have penned a new modern story with equal fascination.

As a Cosmopolitan magazine story, as a popular novel, it won millions of readers for its tale both taut and tense, its love story tender and touching.



Van Johnson's role is completely different from anything he's done in the past. Tough and dramatic, suave and civilized, it's a characterization that will absorb you. June Allyson, with stars in her eyes, is the girl he loves. But there's another girl in his life—Marilyn Maxwell.

Thomas Mitchell adds the tang of salty humor with his part. Claude Jarman, Jr.,



flaxen-haired star of "The Yearling", and Henry Hull, one of the stage's finest actors, head a perfect supporting cast.

Produced with consummate skill by Everett Riskin, dramatically directed by Jack Conway, from the screenplay by Anne Morrison Chapin, Whitfield Cook and Cyril Hume, "High Barbaree" hits a new high in entertainment.

For spring enchantment, come along to the isle of High Barbaree... that tropic paradise of which all lovers dream.

You'll have a high good time at "High Barbaree".

Louella Parsons has just given it Cosmopolitan Magazine's Citation as the Picture of the Month.

To see is to agree!

— Lea

P.S.—What a Scoop! —"The Hucksters", "B.F.'s Daughter", "East River"—the three top best-sellers — will all become M-G-M hits!





Tampax saves women from 5 worries

When "those miserable days" arrive each month, you can really experience a new lease of life by using *Tampax* for sanitary protection. This doctor-invented product is very small and dainty—meant for wearing *internally*. This may seem like a strange and novel idea at first, but it certainly saves a woman from some of her monthly worries—at least five of them, as follows:

You *need not* worry about odor, for *Tampax* causes none. You *need not* worry about bulges and wrinkles caused by belts and external pads. The same applies to chafing. Also, you *needn't* worry about carrying a conspicuous box home from the store, because a month's supply of *Tampax* goes neatly into your purse! And when disposal time arrives, *Tampax* has only 1/15 the bulk of "the other kind."

Wear *Tampax* in tub or shower—or while swimming. Pure surgical cotton. Slim disposable applicators. Three absorbency-sizes sold at drug and notion counters. Look for *Tampax* Vendor in restrooms throughout U.S. . . . *Tampax* Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising
by the Journal of the American Medical Association

AT FIFTEEN June Haver sang with Ted Fio Rito's band, succeeding Betty Grable. So what happened? Betty came on to Hollywood, married a trumpeter (Harry James to you). Eventually June arrived in Hollywood. She signed at 20th where Betty is, worked hard, and six years later eloped with Jimmy Zito, who is also a trumpeter. He evidently blew a sweet note when June first met him with Ted Fio Rito. Hollywood had her engaged to everyone she went out with but June tactfully said—nothing. Two weeks after their surprise marriage in Las Vegas, they were married again in their own church. June, moon, croon and spoon! It all goes together.

EVERYTHING Fred MacMurray touches automatically turns into profit. He owns homes, apartment buildings, ranches and business properties. Just be-

fore he finished playing opposite Claudette Colbert in "The Egg and I" (at a weekly salary that ran into five figures), he bought an orange grove. So what happened? So besides oranges, they also found oil on the place, and Fred is adding to his riches. One actor you all know, who knows Fred too, put it this way: "If MacMurray raised rabbits, they'd probably turn out to be minks!"

CUTE gag Jane Wyman pulled when Ronnie Reagan became president of the Screen Actors Guild. He succeeded Robert Montgomery, who resigned when he became financially interested in his own movies. When Ronnie came in for dinner, Jane and little Maureen Reagan had decorated his chair at the head of the table with American flags and flowers. For dessert they had a big cake with frosting letters spelling "Our President."



June Haver didn't talk about her romance with Jimmy Zito so their marriage was one of the surprises of the month. Below, how do you like Deanna Durbin's feather bob in "For the Love of Mary"?

Hot ★ From ★ Hollywood



TWO DAMES ARE OUT TO STOP HIM...
ONE WITH HER LIPS...
THE OTHER WITH A GUN!



Bill Bendix battling
beside Ladd even
more thrillingly than
in "Blue Dahlia" and
"Two Years Before
The Mast"!

This is Ladd's toughest fight . . .
up against the hidden riptides of deadly Eastern
intrigue . . . and the two women
who stand in the way of his revenge against
the Orient's underworld!

Paramount presents

ALAN LADD
GAIL WILLIAM
RUSSELL · BENDIX

in

CALCUTTA

with

JUNE DUPREZ

LOWELL GILMORE · EDITH KING · Directed by JOHN FARROW

HANDS OFF



Are you the sort of Sad Sal who's always poking and plucking at her hair? It's not a pretty habit—and it's definitely not necessary if you use DeLong Bob Pins. Just slip two or three in strategic spots, and then forget your hair-do in public, concentrate on charm.

DeLong Bob Pins, you see, have a

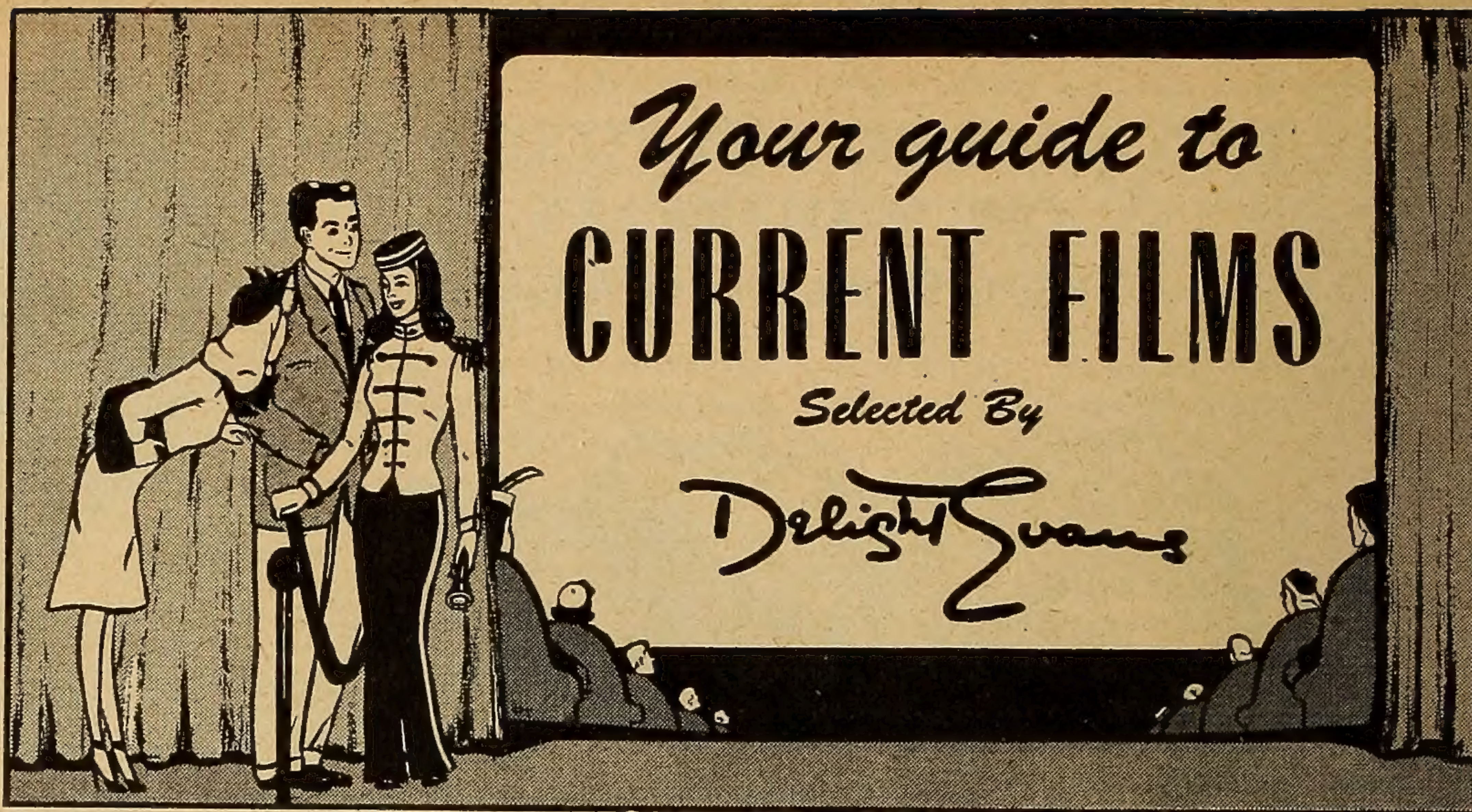
Stronger Grip

Won't Slip Out

They simply can't slip out because they're made of high carbon steel. That does the trick. Introduce yourself to DeLong Bob Pins for a lifetime lease on poise . . .



Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years
BOB PINS HAIR PINS SAFETY PINS
SNAPS PINS
HOOKS & EYES HOOK & EYE TAPES
SANITARY BELTS



ODD MAN OUT



Two Cities—U. I.



WELCOME STRANGER



Paramount



THE MACOMBER AFFAIR



United Artists



IT HAPPENED IN BROOKLYN



MGM

SCREENLAND

Your guide to CURRENT FILMS

Selected By

Delight Evans

Pure artistry is shown by director Carol Reed in this film starring James Mason in his strongest though shortest rôle to date. You're in for all the somber moods and episodes it's possible to cram into 114 minutes—but in all that time your interest won't lag once. There's not much to the story which follows the political fugitive who has just committed murder to his tragic death, but the way in which it's developed uses all the finer attributes of motion picture art. Colorful characters are played by Abbey and Gate Players, and add immeasurably to the excellence of the picture. Robert Newton makes his rôle of the mad artist, seeking to paint death in a living man's eyes, remarkable. Kathleen Ryan's warm, serene beauty and fine talent makes her co-starring rôle outstanding.

Bing Crosby and Barry Fitzgerald ring the bell again in their first team work since "Going My Way." This time they invade the medical field with their warmly human characters—one the young, carefree doctor with new fangled ideas and a way with women—of all ages—the other, the irascible, lovable old country doctor, guardian of a New England community's health, lo, these many years. But they become respected colleagues and fast friends in spite of conflict of types and the local customs which are blithely overlooked by Bing. Joan Caulfield, as the pretty schoolteacher, is excellent as romantic interest to dispel the wanderlust in the young doc's eyes. Percy Kilbride's town caddy, and Elizabeth Patterson's motherly housekeeper rôle add real Americana. Blue? Just see this picture!

The elaboration of Ernest Hemingway's classic short story, "The Short and Happy Life of Francis Macomber," makes Benedict Bogeaus' production exciting film fare. Considering the quality of Hemingway's dramatic plot, it is no wonder that audience interest mounts from the first scene through 90 minutes to a socko finish. There's never a dull moment with Gregory Peck, as the professional hunter, on safari in Africa with the weak, unassertive millionaire (first rôle for Robert Preston since his war service—and does he assert his acting talent!) and his beautiful spoiled wife, played by Joan Bennett, who despises his character. Besides this drama of human relations, scenes of lion and buffalo hunts will leave more than one bead of perspiration on the manliest of brows.

Brooklyn banter blends beautifully with British stout-heartedness in this lilting musical opus with a poignant punch, presenting Frank Sinatra in a rôle tailored to his shyness and song appeal; Peter Lawford, as a long-haired composer greatly in need of the not-too-gentle jolt that an injection of jive can—and does—give him and his music. And there you have the goodwill thesis of Jack Cummings' production developed to the nth degree of good movie quality, with Kathryn Grayson supplying (1) love interest, (2) fine renditions from "Lakme" and "Don Giovanni,"—and modern ballads, (3) beauty and talent—all in equal portion. Jimmy Durante's fatherly friend rôle gives him plenty of opportunity for a new gag—an unexpected change of voice—that never fails to tickle your funny bone.

Thrill after Thrill after Thrill after Thrill!

Violent!

Violent Love!

HUMPHREY

BOGART

BARBARA

STANWYCK

ALEXIS SMITH



"The TWO Mrs. Carrolls"



WITH NIGEL BRUCE · PETER GODFREY · MARK HELLINGER

Screen Play by Thomas Job · From the Stage Play by MARTIN VALE · Music by Franz Waxman

DIRECTED BY

PRODUCED BY

WARNERS
made it from the
2-year stage hit
that hit Broadway
between the eyes!



Eagle-Lion Films presents

LOUIS HAYWARD
JOAN LESLIE
RICHARD BASEHART
 in
"REPEAT PERFORMANCE"

with VIRGINIA FIELD • TOM CONWAY • BENAY VENUTA
 NATALIE SCHAFER • Screenplay by WALTER BULLOCK
 Based on a novel by William O'Farrell
 Produced by Aubrey Schenck • Directed by Alfred Werker
 Bryan Foy in charge of Production



MY FAVORITE BRUNETTE—Paramount

Now Bob Hope, after cavorting in satins and laces in "Monsieur Beaucaire," is back in modern dress and up to his old tricks chasing a beautiful girl. Not that the tricks seem old, what with Bob, this being his first venture as a producer, casting care and expense accounts to the winds and building a lively, lavish picture around his favorite plot. With Dottie Lamour looking even more luscious than usual as a mysterious damsel in distress and Bob, inspired by none other than Alan Ladd as a private dick, risking life and limb to rescue her, the complications are mostly clever and hilarious, with only a few sketchy scenes to enable the audience to catch its breath between guffaws. The appearance of Alan Ladd, and the final scene featuring an illustrious gentleman who shall be nameless so as not to spoil the surprise, makes this comedy a novelty and a "must" for Hope fans.



CARNEGIE HALL—United Artists

Twenty musical compositions recorded by some of the greatest artists of our day—Walter Damrosch, Bruno Walter, Lily Pons, Gregor Piatigorsky, Rise Stevens, Artur Rodzinski, Artur Rubinstein, Ezio Pinza, Jascha Heifetz, Fritz Reiner and Leopold Stokowski—they're all yours for the price of one movie ticket. Producers Boris Morros and William LeBaron have given the musical aspect full consideration, but still back it up with a pleasing though slight story of a mother's aspirations for her talented son who turns to the lively modern music of Vaughn Monroe and Harry James. Marsha Hunt, William Prince and Martha O'Driscoll motivate plot.



THE TROUBLE WITH WOMEN—Paramount

And that's what Ray Milland, as the psychology professor with an interesting theory on wife-beating, intends to discover in this neatly enacted comedy romance. The story starts rolling when Teresa Wright, as the star reporter, goes after the pedantic stuffed shirt to get a story. A libel suit threatens, then bursts in the face of her conniving editor and after-office-hours suitor, (Brian Donlevy). It's love, of course, that straightens out the situation, and with science on his side, naturally, the professor ultimately wins the lady fair.



THE ADVENTRESS—Eagle-Lion

Deft handling of this story of an Irish girl's hatred of the British has turned what might have been a series of grumpy episodes into a bright, gay comedy with a liberal sprinkling of suspense that espionage always supplies. Deborah Kerr (now Clark Gable's co-star in "The Hucksters") plays the naïve colleen who tries to join the Irish Republican Army and winds up aiding a Nazi agent who has learned of her resentment against the British. Realization of her error in judgment comes when her only contact with the Nazis is killed and she's left holding the Allies' "top secret" of European invasion. But then Cupid wields his little bow and arrow and Trevor Howard, a British officer on leave, becomes involved in her escapade. After a merry, eventful jaunt as the spies' enforced guests, and a brief internment in Eire, the war ends and their marital happiness begins.



RAMROD—Enterprise-U-A

Cast rugged Joel McCrea in the title rôle ("Ramrod" means ranch foreman in Western slang), Veronica Lake as an alluring but ruthless lady rancher, Don DeFore as a wild but loyal ally of hero McCrea, Donald Crisp as the fearless sheriff, and Arleen Whelan as the sweet and honest dressmaker to whom the hero turns in times of trouble—and you have a deluxe design for drama out in those wide open spaces. When McCrea, a superb Remington figure of a fellow, swings on his steed and rides furiously away; or DeFore leads the heavy, Preston Foster, on a chase ending in tragedy, then "Ramrod" is exciting; but it bogs down in the femme fatale scene.



PRIVATE AFFAIRS OF BEL AMI—U. A.

George Sanders, as Guy de Maupassant's scandalous scoundrel of Paris society and politics in the 1880's, delivers with perfect ease the cynicisms the rôle requires. A more complete scoundrel than *Bel Ami* never lived. Here he works his selfish wiles on six women—Angela Lansbury, a pretty widow whom he really loves but doesn't know it; Ann Dvorak, wife of his newspaper editor friend; Frances Dee, wife of the blind organist; Susan Douglas and her mother, Katherine Emery; and Marie Wilson, a dancer. It's all Sanders' show.

AT 12 O'CLOCK . . .

A LADY

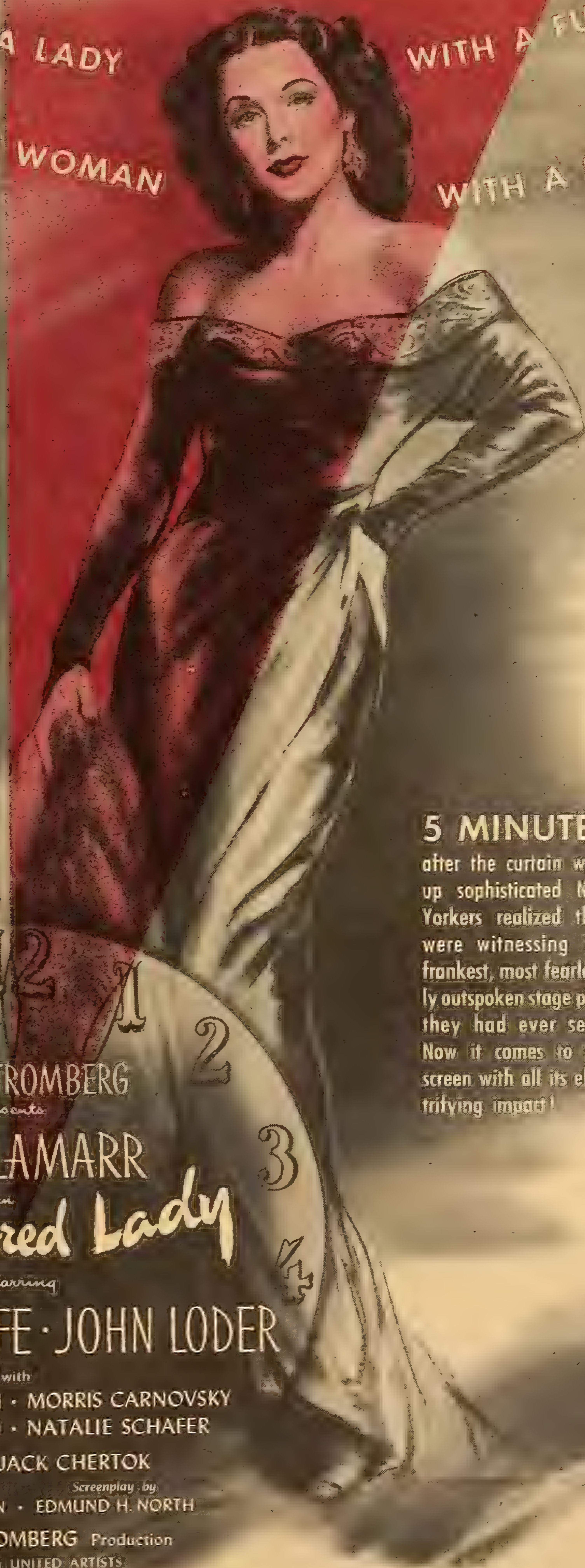
WITH A FUTURE!

AT 12:05 . . .



A WOMAN

WITH A PAST!



5 MINUTES

after the curtain went up sophisticated New Yorkers realized they were witnessing the frankest, most fearlessly outspoken stage play they had ever seen. Now it comes to the screen with all its electrifying impact!

11 12 1
10 HUNT STROMBERG
presents

HEDY LAMARR

9

Dishonored Lady

co-starring

DENNIS O'KEEFE · JOHN LODER

with

WILLIAM LUNDIGAN · MORRIS CARNOVSKY
PAUL CAVANAGH · NATALIE SCHAFER

Produced by JACK CHERTOK

Directed by

Screenplay by

ROBERT STEVENSON · EDMUND H. NORTH

A HUNT STROMBERG Production

Released thru UNITED ARTISTS



A MAN'S EYE VIEW OF A GIRL'S HAIR

How does your hair appear from a man's eye view? Is it dull and drab-looking? ... or does it gleam with ...

RICHER COLOR



Men go for hair that glows with rich, warm color. Let Nestle Colorinse give your hair this beauty-lure—PLUS ...

SPARKLING HIGHLIGHTS



Yes, Nestle Colorinse rinses glamorous highlights into your hair ... leaves it softer, silkier — easier to comb, easier to manage. And gives it ...

LUSTROUS SHEEN



You'll be thrilled with the beautiful sheen that Nestle Colorinse gives your hair. Try Colorinse today, watch it reveal the hidden loveliness in your own hair.

NOTE Ask your beautician for an Opalescent Creme Wave by Nestle — originators of permanent waving.



GET NESTLE COLORINSE TODAY!
In 9 colors to glorify every shade of hair.
10c and 25c at beauty counters everywhere.

SCREEN Tests

★ By ALMA TALLEY ★

LETTERS TO STARS

The letters in the squares below will spell out the last names of twenty stars. You may move from one square to the adjoining one in any direction — up, back, diagonally, etc., but the same square should not be used twice in one name. For instance, starting on the second row — fifth square over with L, move up to O just above it, then to Y next door, and you have L O Y. How many of the others can you find?



C	J	H	B	O	Y	E	M
T	O	N	Y	L	M	C	R
G	T	S	W	L	A	A	D
A	R	O	P	E	R	R	V
L	B	N	G	C	S	I	T
E	A	E	D	A	H	E	Y
D	Y	K	N	I	R	N	E

TITLE HODGE-PODGE

Suppose the titles on the marquees of all the movie theaters in your town got mixed up. Could you re-arrange the words below to make ten titles of movies recently shown throughout the country?



THE BY SPRING THE LOVED SEA TILL STAIRWAY BLAZE SHOCKING
YEARS THAT THE DOWN I'VE WAY SUDDENLY OF BEST THE NOON
OF WALLS ALWAYS OUR PILGRIM GRASS YOU WOMEN IT'S CLOUDS
TUMBLING TO THE ROLL LIVES HEAVEN MISS OF WITH CAME.

OH, SAY, CAN YOU SEE?

An accurate eye can find the last name of a film star spelled out clearly in each of the sentences below. Example: The boy erased the mistake in his arithmetic problem. (Charles) B O Y E R.



- Mrs. Brown's gift of gab left all her friends speechless.
- A man should always be loyal to his friends.
- The book was not racy enough to be barred in Boston.
- His black market dealings in sugar landed him in jail.
- He promised to co-operate with the police.
- He said, "How right you are!"
- There was a beacon way off in the west.
- His wife objected because he left his cigars on the table.
- She had seen a rainbow many times from her window.
- The stranger in the fight became his ally so no time was lost in routing the thugs.

(Answers on page 97)

He said *"Now!"*...she said *"Later!"*

...but Mexico City said, "you'll marry manana!"

*"...And I say if they don't
get married pronto this
scandal will be hotter
than red pepper!"*



RKO
PRESENTS

**SHIRLEY TEMPLE
FRANCHOT TONE
GUY MADISON**

in

Honeymoon

A WILLIAM KEIGHLEY PICTURE

with

LINA ROMAY • GENE LOCKHART
CORINNA MURA • GRANT MITCHELL

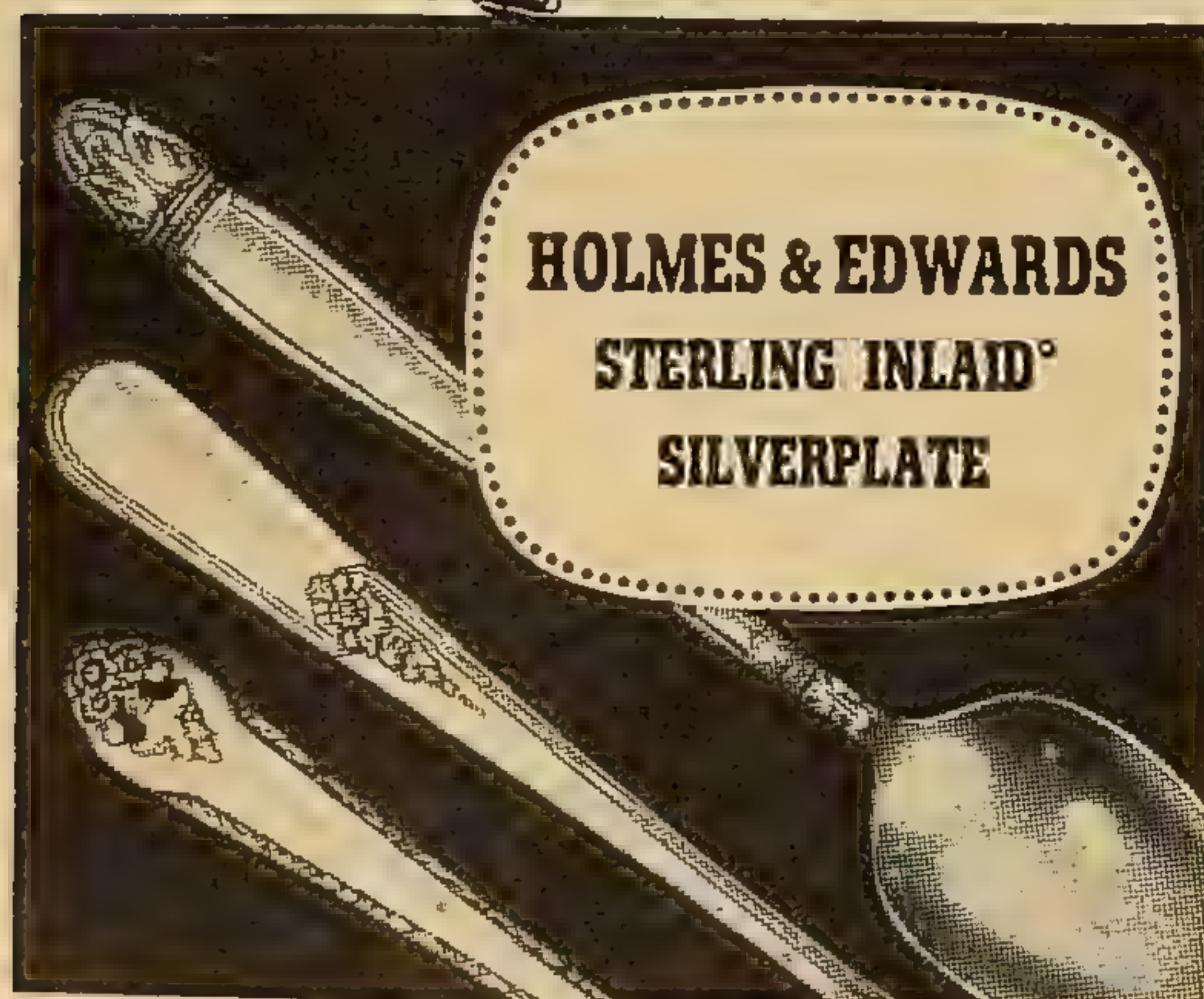
Produced by WARREN DUFF
Directed by WILLIAM KEIGHLEY
Screen Play by MICHAEL KANIN
Based on a Story by VICKI BAUM



The spoon for June

...has these

The two blocks of sterling inlaid at backs of bowls and handles of most used spoons and forks. They make this silverplate stay lovelier longer. Fifty-two piece set \$68.50 with chest. No Fed. Tax.

Copyright 1947, The International Silver Co., Holmes & Edwards Division, Meriden, Conn. Sold in Canada by: The T. Eaton Co., Ltd., Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

NOW...

Busom Beauty Without a Bra

with the new **BRA-ZETTE***

These softly lined adhesive pads for each bust give you the freedom you've always wanted yet prevent any protuberance under clothes — without a brassiere. Ideal for low-necked or backless dresses, sweaters. For small or firm breasts. In nude or white. Eight pair for \$1.00 postpaid, including tax. Satisfaction guaranteed. Enclose \$1.00 or money order today specifying color.

BRA-ZETTE MFG. CO. • BOX 1108 • HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.



SONGWRITERS

\$100 CASH EVERY MONTH for best song placed with us. Hollywood composers write melody WITHOUT CHARGE. Lead sheets and records furnished. Send song material TODAY for FREE EXAMINATION. You may win \$100. Write for details. CINEMA SONG CO. • DEPT D-25 BOX 670 • BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF.

WIN \$100



MAKE THIS EASY 7-DAY TEST!

DO YOU WANT LONGER HAIR?

Just try this **SYSTEM** on your hair 7 days and see if you are really enjoying the pleasure of **ATTRACTIVE HAIR** that can so very often capture Love and Romance for you.

MARVELOUS HELP for DRY, BRITTLE, Breaking-Off HAIR

WHEN SCALP and HAIR CONDITIONS are normal and dry, brittle, breaking-off hair can be retarded, it has a chance to get longer . . . and much more beautiful.

SEND NO MONEY—Fully Guaranteed

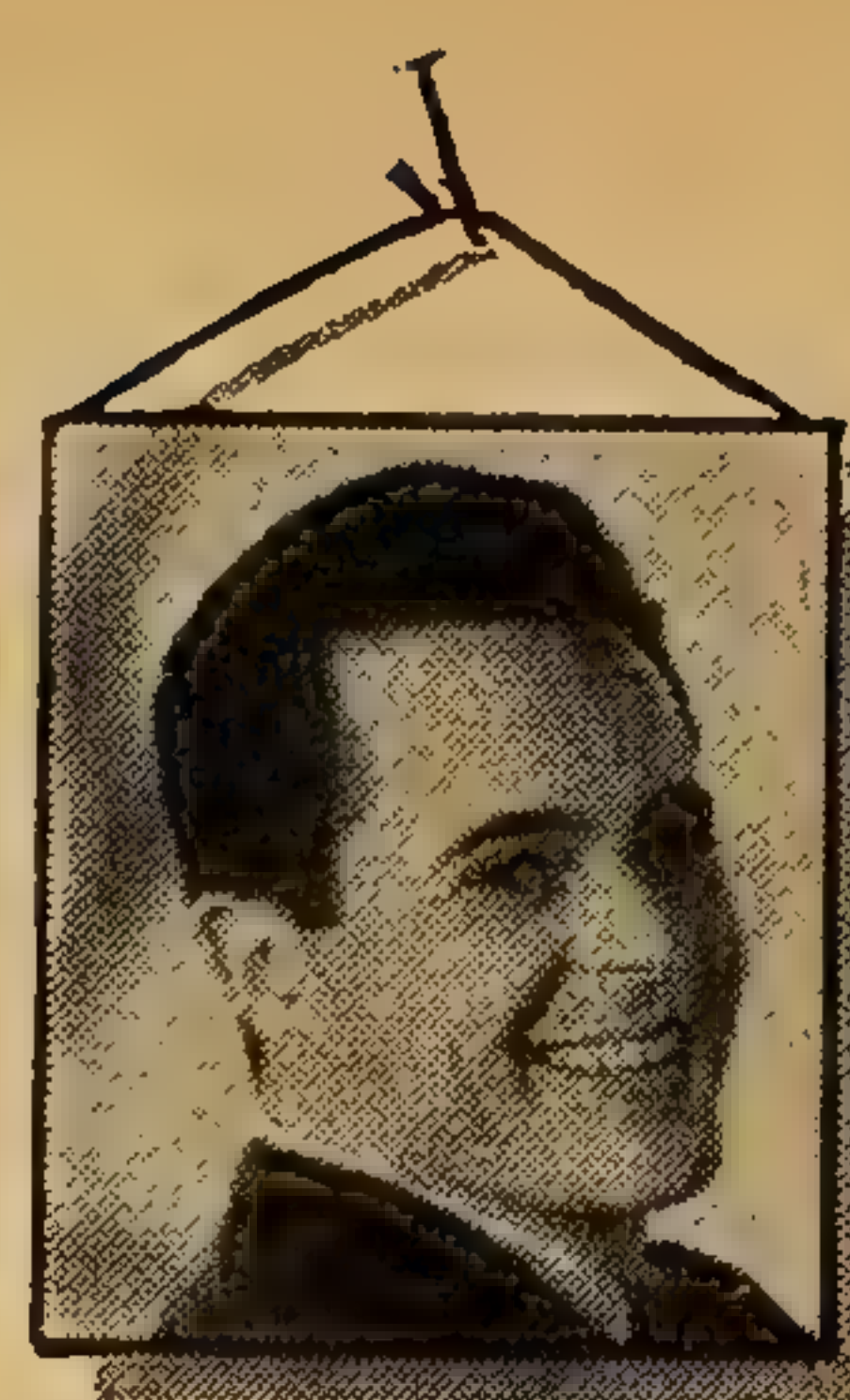
Just try the **JUELENE SYSTEM** for 7 days. Then let your mirror prove the thrilling results. **SEND FOR IT TODAY.** C. O. D. \$1.00 plus Government charges. It is fully guaranteed. Money back if not delighted with results. Write today! **JUEL CO., 4727 N. Damen, Dept. F-602, Chicago 25, Ill.**



FRANK SINATRA



MYRNA LOY



LARRY PARKS

SHIRLEY TEMPLE



Fans' Forum



Movie Memos

Why not make it your business to jot down now all your most interesting suggestions and views on movie subjects and send them to Fans' Forum? Monthly awards for the best letters published: \$10.00, \$5.00 and ten \$1.00 prizes. Closing date is the 25th of the month.

Please address your letters to Fans' Forum, SCREENLAND, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, New York.

MOVIE MEDDLING

First Prize Letter \$10.00

It is hard to understand all the fuss about so many recent pictures being morally lax. Just when we are getting some good adult entertainment, along come a certain few who are yelling to high heaven about us being doomed to degradation because of said movies. But why pick on the motion picture industry? Some of the scripts of horror and crime now being used on the radio aren't exactly timid, and some of the best sellers certainly aren't white-washed.

The majority of people go to the movies for entertainment and relaxation, not for the purpose of seeking out morally offensive action—which is what those who protest so vigorously evidently do. Most of us feel that entertainment that is suitable for adults is not always so for children. The producers, exhibitors and theater managers should get together and conceive some sort of plan whereby children and adults would be equally assured of satisfactory motion pictures.

There is far too much meddling in the motion picture industry, and if they are forced to make juvenile pictures for adults, it will go hard on the industry as a whole, because the adult movie-goers are not going to tolerate them and will turn to other channels for their amusement and relaxation.

Neither do I think that the movie-going

public would tolerate lurid, obscene pictures, but none of the pictures made so far has warranted all the fuss being made about them. So why pick on the motion picture industry?

MRS. VAL BOSTER, Peoria, Ill.

PSYCHOPATHS PREFERRED?

Second Prize Letter \$5.00

What on earth is happening to our top-notch women stars? They all seem to clamor for rôles portraying murderers, gun molls, dipsomaniacs or psychopaths. One cannot go to a picture without finding a favorite actress portraying a character who kills or poisons at least one husband, or is running berserk because of drink or a supposed mental quirk. It is not pleasant to see or think about. It would seem that the world has been beset by enough murder and cruelty to last forever. So why can't these actresses ask for rôles which would bring out the good in people? These rôles would be much more helpful in off-setting the terrific onslaught of crime and juvenile delinquency.

All of us look up to the stars and youngsters, particularly, pattern their behavior along the lines of their favorites. So why shouldn't they be glad to portray women who are moral, lovable and sympathetic?

Many stars have even received Oscars for their portrayal of good women. Myrna Loy, for example, has attained her greatest fame portraying the perfect wife for years. She is still topping the list by her superlative performance in a fine picture, if there ever was one, "The Best Years of Our Lives."

MRS. A. L. KIRK, Baltimore, Md.

GLAMOR FOR SHIRLEY

\$1.00

I would like to see Shirley Temple with a dash of red pepper. I sort of grew up with Shirley, as a million other little girls near her age did. Our hair was a mass of

YOU'LL LOSE YOUR HEART TO THIS WONDERFUL GUY... SHE DID!

The exciting romance of a beautiful gal who loved a special kind of guy. He put her in a million dollar mansion and laid the world at her feet...for love...for laughs...for thrills!

FRANK
BORZAGE'S

fast-moving drama
of love and excitement



It's one of your most
memorable screen
experiences!



THAT'S MY MAN

Starring

Don
AMECHE

with
ROSCOE KARNES
JOHN RIDGELY
KITTY IRISH
JOE FRISCO
and JOE HERNANDEZ
Nationally Famous Racing Announcer



Would you take a handsome man in
out of the rain on a rainy, rainy night?

Catherine
MCLEOD

THE GIRL you loved at first sight in
"I'VE ALWAYS LOVED YOU"!

Produced and Directed by
FRANK BORZAGE

Associate Producer... Lew Borzage
Written by Steve Fisher and Bradley King

A REPUBLIC PICTURE

Reduce FAT!

DOCTOR APPROVES!

LOSE 3 to 5 LBS. A WEEK YET EAT PLENTY!

**ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS
NO EXERCISES —
NO LAXATIVES— NO DRUGS
NO STARVATION DIETS
Actually Good For You!**



"My Grateful Thanks to Kelpidine. In just a few weeks I lost 3 inches thru the waistline and hips. It's amazing." Joan Fleming, New York City.

Lose as much or as little weight as you like. Simply take a half teaspoonful of **KELPIDINE** with any meal (preferably at breakfast). **EAT AS YOU USUALLY DO. DON'T CUT OUT fatty, starchy, foods. Merely CUT DOWN on them.**

That's all there is to it!

This is the sure scientific way so easy, quick, pleasant and absolutely harmless—without tiring or wearing yourself out. This Doctor Approved Reducing plan safeguards your health and helps you to take off ugly fat and inches around your hips, waistline, abdomen, thighs, legs, buttocks, etc. **PROVE IT TO YOURSELF!** In only 2 weeks, look in your mirror and you'll be amazed at the change. Start to improve your figure today! **Kelpidine** contains a mineral missing in most foods. This mineral is listed as essential in Government Nutritional Charts.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

\$2 Try it at our expense for 10 days. If you don't lose weight exactly as we say, if you are not 100% delighted with the results your money will be promptly refunded.

SATISFIED USERS SAY:

"I lost 15 lbs. in a few weeks!"—Mrs. J. P., Jacksonville, Florida.
"I lost 18½ lbs., feel young and work better."—Mrs. K. Y., Bronx, N. Y.
"I went from a size 20 dress to a size 15."—Mrs. N. C., Perth Amboy, N. J.
"I lost 15 pounds already."—Mrs. M. D., Boonton, N. J.



MAIL COUPON NOW!

American Healthaids Co., Dept. B-26
871 Broad St. Newark, New Jersey

Enclosed find \$2 for three months' supply of **KELPIDINE**, postage prepaid. If I am not satisfied, I may return unused portion and my \$2 will be refunded.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

curls, our dresses were all copies, too, and we paraded across hundreds of school auditorium stages trying to look and act the most like Shirley Temple. She was glamor to us. Then Shirley went away to grow up. Well, that was all right. She would be back.

While she was away a million little girls became women, as we thought Shirley was doing. I believe she is ready to take her rightful place beside Betty Grable, Lana Turner and others in the glamor girl lineup. Shirley makes a pretty high school girl but so did "the girl next door." She was a beautiful blushing bride; so was my sister.

Please, Hollywood, give us back our glamorous Shirley. We can't get that except in "reel" life.

FRANCES VANCE, Muscatine, Ia.

DON'T LEAVE US, ANDY!

\$1.00

What's this I hear? No more "Andy Hardys"? And so, may I ask, why? I just saw "Love Laughs at Andy Hardy" and it is the best yet. We've all watched *Andy* grow up through high school, through numerous love affairs, and now we've waited for him to get home from the war so we could start college with him again. Why aren't we entitled to see the girl who finally marries him and lives joyfully through the hectic experiences of married life with him? Why, oh why, are you taking one of the most human stories on the screen away from us now?

MRS. EVELYN B. TAYLOR, Washington, N. J.

SINATRA SINCERITY

\$1.00

I would like to have my say in answer to your recent Open Letter to Frank Sinatra, about the "over 21" deal. Even the best of us Sinatra fans were angry when news

of it first reached us, but with anyone who is dear to you it takes patience and understanding to keep on the best of terms. That's what we have to give Frank. He had not been well; we had to consider that, and when we really got down to facing facts, we realized that the screaming, etc., was really a detriment to the show and to Frank's popularity.

When Frank and Nancy had their spat, who were the first to link him with other Hollywood glamor girls? When the "over 21" deal was made, who was it called Frank ungrateful and spoiled? Frank's fans? No sirreeee! It's the columnists who are always saying they know and understand Frank—the columnists who claim we fans don't understand him. We Sinatra fans have a certain feeling that Frank is "always right," and when a crisis comes most of us sit quietly by and wait for him to prove it. You can't imagine our wonderful glow of pride when he always does. All Frank needs to do is what he believes is right. I think he knows he doesn't need to worry about his fans. The true ones will wait and trust him because we know he's always right.

TRUDY GRIFFITH, Meadville, Pa.

MOVIE MATURITY

\$1.00

The postwar period is with us now, without a doubt, and it is really a wonderful thing to see the movies turning a new page. I mean the new proposed policy of better and finer films. It really looks as if it is coming true, too. Already we have examples of a splendid new trend in "The Best Years of Our Lives," "Henry V," and "Lady in the Lake," to mention three. To eliminate the cheap, shoddy products, the B and C pictures, that have always plagued (Please turn to page 21)



A nice spot for Catherine McLeod! Following up her success in "I've Always Loved You," she co-stars with Don Ameche in "That's My Man," Frank Borzage-Republic picture.



A Picture so gay
It tops 'Going My Way'
Welcome BARRY!
Welcome BING!
in
"Welcome Stranger"

starring
BING
CROSBY
JOAN
CAULFIELD
BARRY
FITZGERALD

with WANDA HENDRIX • FRANK FAYLEN
ELIZABETH PATTERSON • ROBERT SHAYNE
LARRY YOUNG • PERCY KILBRIDE
Directed by ELLIOTT NUGENT

BING SINGS
LOVE SONGS TO
HIS "BLUE SKIES"
SWEETHEART!

"My Heart Is A Hobo"
"As Long As I'm Dreaming"
"Country Style"
"Smile Right Back At The Sun"

They're back and they're better in the grand
reunion the whole world has been waiting for
...a story that's funnier and more heart-warming
than their immortal triumph, "Going My Way"!

Screen Play by Arthur Sheekman • Adaptation by Arthur Sheekman,
and N. Richard Nash • Story by Frank Butler
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

Ready for Summer?

SUMMER is such a wonderful season because there are so many exciting things to do. Swimming, horseback riding, picnicking, hiking and a millions and one pleasures that are such fun. That fun isn't too far off, you know. That's why we want you to be ready for it. Could you, for instance, hop right into your bathing suit and head for the shore on a moment's notice? Or would you have to hem and haw for time to get ready? Your getting-ready time should take place long before you are even aware you'll be asked. Then when fun does come your way, you'll be right there to enjoy it.

Let's start this preparedness program with your legs, because they have been hidden all winter in stockings. Would you, if that call to the swim came now, have to stop and worry about them? All men, be they wolves or just nice boys, eye their girls' legs when they go a-swimming.

There isn't much time now to whittle off extra leg heaviness, but maybe if you try hard enough, you'll be able to slenderize them a bit. For ankle slenderization, place a thick book on the floor and with your heels on the floor and toes on top of the book, slowly lift up until you are standing on top of the book on your toes. Repeat this exercise until



Cyd Charisse makes her legs lovelier by creaming first, then applying leg make-up. See her next in MGM's "Fiesta."



Legs emerge
from hiding in
summer for all
the world to see,
so make sure
yours are ready for
close scrutiny

By
**Claire
Finucane**

your leg muscles feel tired, then stop until the next day. To reduce the calf of your leg, lie down on the floor and tense one foot so that it is perpendicular to your body and then slowly raise that leg. This might cause a little stiffness when you first do it, but do it at first only about three or four times daily with each leg. Then, as you become accustomed to the exercise, increase the number. Try not to lose patience with your leg exercising because you can't notice results immediately. Legs are most difficult to reduce but patience and constant exercise will do it in time.

Also, this summer you will probably want to go without stockings not only because it is cooler without but because bare legs are fashionable. Quite true, "brown legs" are fashionable, but if you don't wear leg makeup, or your legs aren't sufficiently tan, then please, oh, please wear stockings. There is nothing more disturbing about a girl's personal appearance than white legs. Because few of us have the time to get a good leg tan, most of us will have to cover up those legs with leg makeup. There are two things to remember when applying it. Never, never apply it if your legs are not completely free from hair. Secondly, apply it swiftly, because you must apply the lotion and then blend it in before it dries. Most leg makeup smooths on easier if you pour a sufficient amount on your hands and rub them together. Then, starting at your foot, apply with long sweeping strokes, blending all around your leg as you go along.

Your pedicure, of course, is a weekly "must" to go with all this leg art. So when you are giving yourself a manicure, treat your toes to a matching coat. Use hand lotion on the bumps you may have acquired at the heels. As a matter of fact, a cold cream facial now and then will do your feet a lot of good.

You must be more careful about your personal daintiness in the summer time, because it is so easy to offend. But if you keep the word "fragrance" in mind, you will automatically use your deodorant more often as well as your toilet water, talcums and colognes. Underarm hair is one of the worst fragrance haters, so whisk it away often with your depilatory.

The reason we have stressed these pointers is that from past scrutiny of girls on the beach or at lake resorts, we have learned these are the things they neglect most. But, naturally, along with these check-ups you should give yourself a thorough going-over before the season gets into full swing. Your eating habits, for example, may be the reason you tip the scales more than you'd like to. Those same eating habits may be the reason your complexion isn't all it should be. Substitute salads for starchy food, and cut down on desserts that are too sweet. Check your posture now, too, chest out, head up, tummy and derriere in. Take care of your permanent wave job so you'll be able to go swimming without having your hair look straggly. In other words, go over yourself from head to toe and then get busy because you certainly have a lot to do before all that fun in the sun begins. How's about it—are you ready?



Oh, yes—you look sweet enough to kiss!

**But kisses mean close-ups, so
guard your charm with Mum**

THAT'S a smooth make-up job, Honey. On you it should catch a man's eye, steal his heart.

But even tempting lips hold no lure when a girl is guilty of underarm odor. So

why take chances? Be *sure* you're sweet with Mum. Remember, a bath washes away *past* perspiration, but Mum prevents risk of *future* underarm odor.

→ **checks perspiration odor**

Mum



Product of Bristol-Myers

1. Safe for charm. Mum checks underarm odor, gives sure protection all day or all evening.

2. Safe for skin. No irritating crystals. Snow-white Mum is gentle, harmless to skin.

3. Safe for clothes. No harsh ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics. Economical, Mum doesn't dry out in the jar. Quick, easy to use, even *after* you're dressed.

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable... ideal for this use, too.



GIRLS! Want quick curls?

WHAT girl doesn't want quick curls these days! Especially when that favorite fella gives you a call at the last minute. With New Wildroot Hair Set you can set that favorite hair-do in less time. It's absolutely tops for quick good grooming that's so important these days. New Wildroot Hair Set contains processed Lanolin. Leaves any texture of hair soft, natural-looking, and at its lovely best. Replaces old-fashioned thick gummy wave sets. Light bodied. Faster drying. Lets you style your favorite hair-do at home quickly, without fuss or disappointment.



NEW WILDROOT HAIR SET

Here are new cosmetic items that you will want to know all about



Angel Face, Pond's newest contribution to fair complexions



To match your fingertips, Dura-Gloss now offers gay lipstick



A complete new ensemble of makeup, Campus Cosmetics from Hollywood.

Guide To Glamor



So firm and fully packed is Helen Neushaefer's new lipstick brush, to simplify your lip art.

THERE is a new lipstick brush on the market that is inexpensive and good. It is made by Helen Neushaefer and comes in an attractive plastic case which you can carry about in your purse or use as a dressing table implement. You know there are two ways to use your brush. You can either cover it with lipstick and make your outline, or use your lipstick itself and then smooth over with your brush. Which-ever method you choose, you should use a brush, first, because you will automatically take more time to apply your cupid's bow and, secondly, because you can shape them to perfection.

More glamor for Milady's face is Pond's new "Angel Face." It is not a cake makeup, but a new product that is applied without water and stays on longer than powder. It gives a mat-like finish, is not drying to the skin, and cannot spill in your handbag. There are five shades—Blonde Angel, Ivory Angel, Pink Angel, Tawny Angel, and Bronze Angel. Sound heavenly, don't they!

Dura-Gloss adds matched lipsticks to their popular line of nail polishes. Five new shades to match fingertips. Lipsticks can be bought alone or in a set with the nail polish. Colors are Mulberry, Tropical, Red Plum, Wineberry, and Gay Time, and they come in a gleaming gold-tone metal case with a slick-turning metal swivel.

Then there's a complete new line put out by Colonial Dames of Hollywood. It is called Campus Cosmetics and features ensemble packaging. As you can see from the photo, there are all kinds of makeup, skin lotions, beauty cleansers, and makeup removers. So if you are looking for a complete line to take away with you, either now or comes the new school term, here's your answer. Of course, there are shades to suit you

SUNGLASSES
BY *Oculens*
Trade Mark

SEEING IS RELIEVING
...with *Oculens* SUN GLASSES
For Streetwear, Sportswear, Beachwear, Fashionwear—everywhere.
For Men, Women & Children. \$1.98 to \$10... at your favorite store.
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Fans' Forum

Continued from page 16

Hollywood is a tremendous step forward. It is downright gratifying to hear that all the major studios are completely dropping the low-quality film in favor of bigger, and in some cases, longer films. It's a swell break for the movie-goer to know that he can soon stop searching the advertisements for a "good film," because he can rely on all of them being outstanding and worth seeing. (What a thought that is!) You might say that this is the last step toward Hollywood's maturity. Here's to the new era!

NAT RUTHERFORD, Cincinnati, O.

ERROR IN ERA

\$1.00

I have a pet peeve which burns me up plenty. I am sure other fans have the same one. It's the selection of hair styles for the actresses in a period picture. Why is it a moving picture studio takes such pains to have a period picture of, say, 1880 perfect in every detail—stage setting, costumes, hair styles—when that very same studio makes a picture of, say, the year 1928, then proceeds to turn the actresses out looking just like a 1947 model?

I waited a long time to see "Margie." I was sure I would see a revival of those fast-stepping high school girls with their short skirts and their shorter haircuts. Did I see them? You know the answer to that.

I can forgive the makeup department in the way they dressed *Margie*. I can see she was dominated by her grandmother, but how about those "kiddish" braids? The least they could have done was to have her wear her hair close to her face, and sport a thick bang. What really burned me up was the way they turned out Barbara Lawrence. She was the style-setting belle of the campus. No girl in 1928 would have been caught dead with her hair hanging down around her shoulders in a long bob. Instead her hair would have been cut in a short bob, a high, close shingle and a mop of blonde bangs. How much more realistic the picture would have been to me if I could have seen just one shingle bob.

Why is it the makeup department falls down on their hair styles between the twenties and thirties? There were so many lovely hair-do's brought out in those years. It used to be the actresses who set the hair styles, and all America copied them. Now it's the average American girl with her self-styled bangs and her sleek straight hair, cut short in a new bob which shows up those long-haired beauties with their rolled-up pompadours and their long, lanky tresses.

I think if just one actress came out with her hair styled in a sleek, short shingle bob, there would be quite a rush on the beauty shops. Girls have tried bangs and like short, sleek hair, and many of them are having their long bobs cut short.

Now that the same studio is planning a sequel called "The Flapper Age," perhaps Miss Crain and Miss Lawrence will be turned out looking like 1928 flappers instead of 1947 junior misses.

R. LAMBKIN, Rochelle, Ill.

BACK TO CHILDHOOD DAYS

\$1.00

Perhaps I'm in my second childhood, or maybe I just never got out of the first. At any rate, I have just seen "Song of the South" and have decided to stop worry-

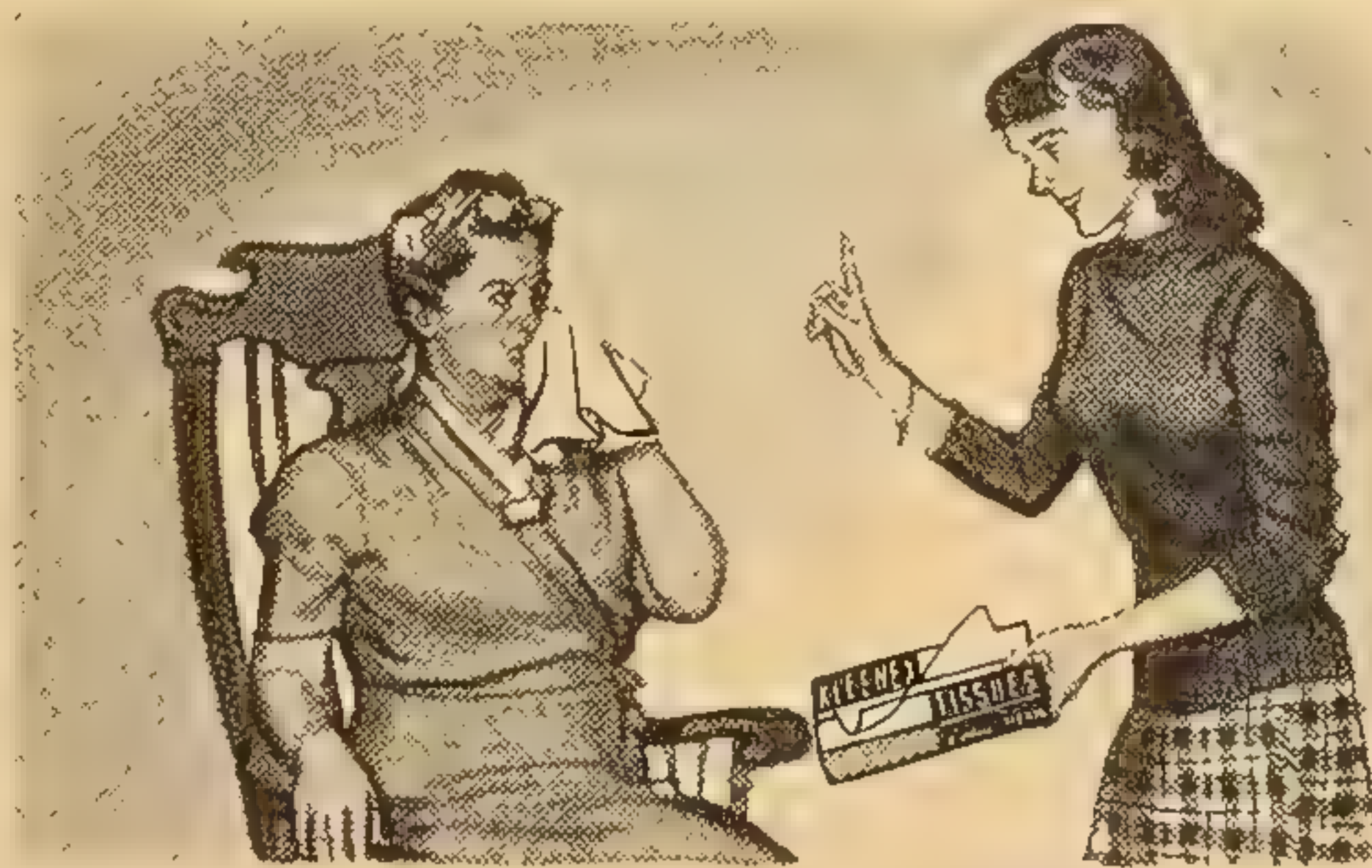
Why didn't
somebody
tell me -
*All tissues
aren't
Kleenex?*



Not on your life they aren't! bellowed Uncle Mayhew. Fine thing!—I'm sneezing my head off and my sister brings me plain *tissues*. If you think *all* tissues are Kleenex, I wish you had this snifle-sore nose! It says there's *only one* Kleenex!



Bess, you alarm me—snapped Cousin Cynthia. Surely you know better than to confuse Kleenex with other tissues. Very unfunny—when I *depend* on Kleenex so. Listen. My *skin* knows there's not a tissue on earth just like angel-soft Kleenex!



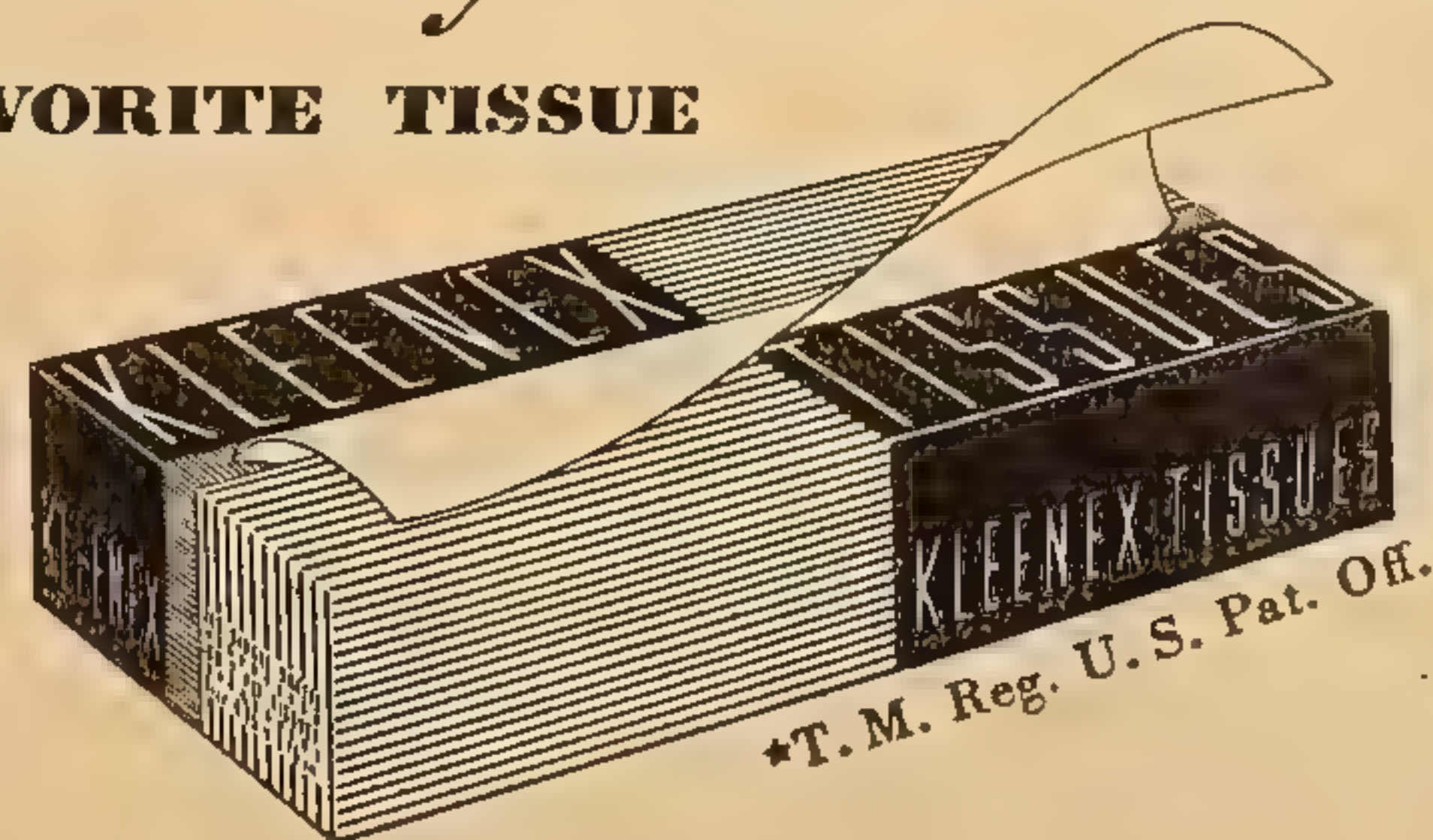
Buck up, Auntie! said Teena. Bend an eye at the real McCoy—the one and only Kleenex! See that box, how different it is? How it gives with the tissues—one at a time? Neat feat! Only Kleenex can do it! What's more...



Hold a Kleenex Tissue up to a light. See any lumps or weak spots? 'Course not! You see Kleenex *quality* smilin' through—always the same—so you just know Kleenex has super *softness*. And are those tissues *rugged*!

Now I know... *There is only one KLEENEX*

AMERICA'S FAVORITE TISSUE





"LOST" DAYS CAN BE
SAVED DAYS

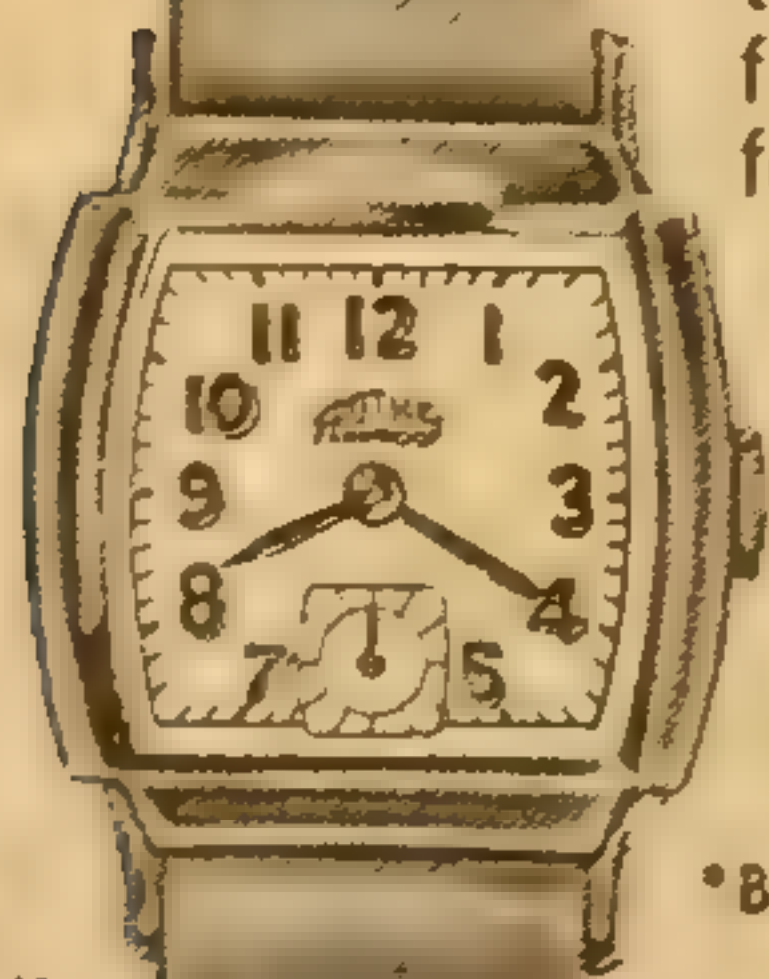
MIDOL

RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL
PERIODIC PAIN
CRAMPS-HEADACHE-"BLUES"

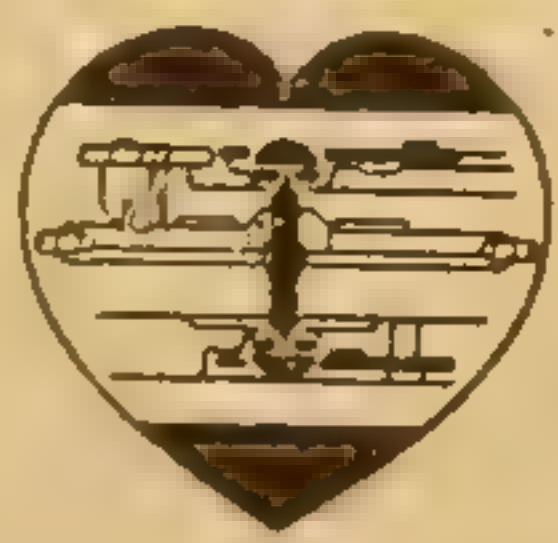


Gothic JARPROOF
the only watch whose HEART* is
GUARANTEED A LIFETIME

Protected by a patented mechanism, **GOthic JARPROOF** watches "can take a licking yet keep on ticking". Precision-built, exquisitely styled. Priced from \$33.75 to \$1,200. At authorized franchised jewelers. Write for free booklet "S".



Gothic
"Codel"
17 Jewels
\$39.75**



*Balance staff and its jewels



Gothic "Gem"
17 Jewels, \$39.75**

**Prices include tax

GOthic JARPROOF WATCH CORP., NEW YORK 19, N. Y.



British star, Michael Redgrave, appears in his first American-made picture opposite Joan Bennett. The hammock's got them in this scene from "The Secret Behind the Door."

ing about current trends in movie production as long as we can still get pictures like this to temper the gory conflict, the ethical enigmas, and the brutality depicted in so many of our postwar films.

"Song of the South" is thoroughly delightful. In the theater I was surrounded by children, and it's hard to say whether they or I enjoyed it more.

We need, of course, a balanced entertainment diet. By this time we certainly ought to be pretty fed up with psychiatric case histories, war neuroses, love problems more than a little on the shady side, sophisticated morals, and the ever-loving horse operas. What better, then, to relax for a change with *Uncle Remus* and Walt Disney, and rediscover the simple problems of life which have long been overshadowed by the complexity of modern thinking?

This is not a plea for all future dialogue to be in monosyllables. Nor do I suggest we all revert to juvenile thinking levels and thus save ourselves the effort of facing the throes of adulthood. I merely recommend that we take a breather occasionally and enjoy a picture free of guile and still having everything!

MARY DONALD, Arlington, Va.

CONTRIBUTION TO PEACE

\$1.00

The Academy Awards have already been presented and I believe that it was entirely right for Harold Russell to receive two Awards. This young veteran with hooks for hands gave a superb performance in "The Best Years of Our Lives."

Mr. Russell is wrong in not wanting to stay in pictures because he feels that anything that he does now will be an anticlimax. I'm sure he's only interested in keeping the people in touch with the horrors of war. This, I believe, is his contribution to peace.

Last week on a train I sat down next to an armless vet. He was young, handsome and courageous. I looked down at where his hands should have been and then I looked up at him and smiled. His face lit up and he grinned from ear to ear. All of a sudden he looked like a kid given his first lollypop. The people around us were not quite so brilliant. They stared at him

and one even had the audacity to say, "Too bad." My friend got white and got off the train at the next stop. I was furious, but suddenly I realized why I hadn't been like these other people. It was because I had seen Harold Russell in situations like this in the picture and I had learned from him just what the average vet wants from strangers.

I want to thank Mr. Russell personally for teaching me humility, but more than that, to be proud of, not sorry, for the disabled veteran of today. Please, Mr. Russell, keep on making pictures, so that more people will wake up and give you guys a break.

PHYLLIS BRECKER, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CREDIT FOR LARRY PARKS

\$1.00

I am writing in answer to Elorie D. Boll whose letter appeared in a recent issue of *SCREENLAND*. I agree with her that Larry Parks might not get all the credit that's coming to him. I wonder if the millions of people who saw "The Jolson Story" realize how much work and time Larry had to spend in order to give such a fine performance. He had to learn every inflection of the Jolson voice, the way he walked, the way he breathed when he sang, and above all, he had to learn all the Jolson mannerisms. I really wonder if the people who see this picture think of those things. Not that I'm panning Al Jolson. I thought his voice was great throughout the whole picture. But I do think he owes a lot to Larry Parks.

It would take an almost too perfect performance to beat Larry's honest, sincere and down-to-earth portrayal of Jolson. Gregory Peck or Fredric March would make regular fools of themselves trying to do what he did in that picture.

LOIS WINTER, Buffalo, N. Y.

LINDA, THE VERSATILE

\$1.00

She may be *Amber*, but to me she's one of Hollywood's finest actresses. In other words, I'm talking about versatile Linda Darnell. I believe her to be a really fine actress because she has a great deal of

sensitivity—a feeling and understanding of the character she is portraying. Her ability to fit her personality into various types is truly remarkable.

Since "Summer Storm," Miss Darnell has played rôles varying in scope, and to each individual one she gave understanding of character and sincerity.

I hope she is as excellent in "Forever Amber" as she has been in every one of her rôles since "Summer Storm," because, if she is, I'll predict an Oscar for Linda—or should I say *Amber*!

MARION HOFFMAN, Bronx, N. Y.

NO TOUGH CHARACTERS FOR CARY

\$1.00

I hate to contradict the Navy, but I'm afraid I'll have to disagree with Francis N. Duffy. Does he realize that if Cary Grant starts portraying the "mussed hair, open shirt and sweaty brow" type he'll be just another of the "common bunch of tough characters" in Hollywood? I agree he was great in "Gunga Din," but so much nicer in "Night and Day" and "Notorious." Has he forgotten that there are other kinds of people in this world besides adventurers?



Ida Lupino plays hostess to Wayne Morris on Warner Bros.' "Deep Valley" set. It's Wayne's first picture since war service.

I wouldn't like to see my idol, Cary Grant, as a crook or tough guy on the screen, and I'll explain why by using Humphrey Bogart as an example. Have you seen "Conflict" and "The Big Sleep"? In one, Bogart was a killer; in the other, a detective. If you haven't seen the two pictures, could you tell me in which of the two Bogart was the detective? I don't think you could, because Bogart is always in need of a shave, so it seems, and a tie. It's no use, Humphrey Bogart will always be typed a "tough guy." No offense to Humphrey Bogart; personally I think he's a good actor—but too tough! Now, do real Grant fans want to see Cary typed the same way? I, for one, don't. Cary Grant isn't a tough guy and neither has he gone soft. Is Mr. Duffy going to hold it against Cary because he chooses rôles of real, good people, and not "out of this world" characters that only could be born on the screen?

I sincerely hope Cary Grant continues with the fine work he has been doing, and in my estimation Mr. Grant deserves an Academy Award for the finest actor of all time.

VIRGINIA M. SENESE, Brooklyn, N. Y.

P.S. to Bogart fans: Can you ever forgive me?

Are you in the know?

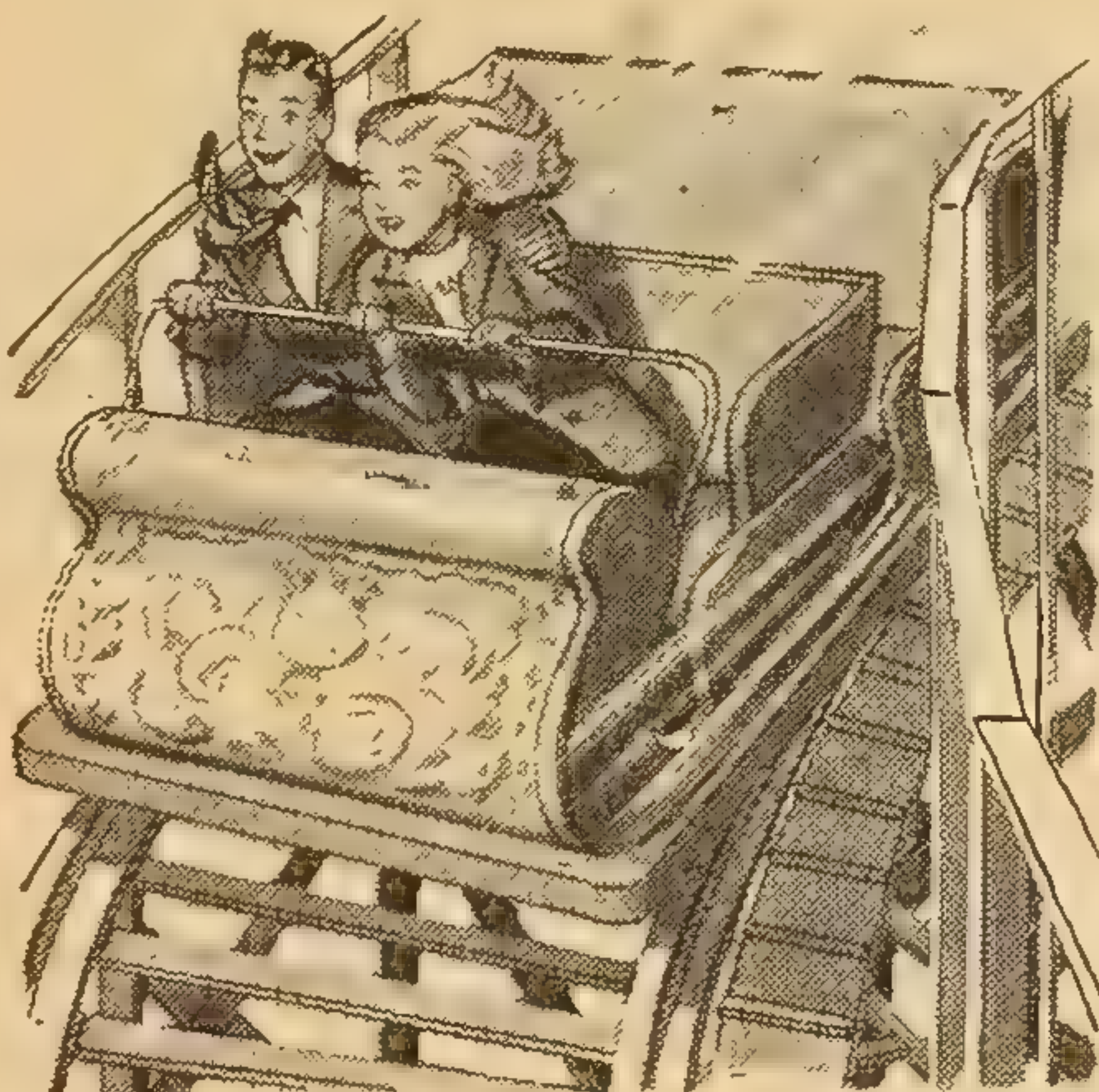


How would you refuse a date?

- ☐ Brush him off
- ☐ Invent an excuse
- ☐ Say you'll be busy

Ever trip yourself up on your own tall story, after turning down a bid? When refusing a date no fancy excuses needed.

Just say you'll be busy; then you're in the clear. Never "no" a date merely because it's "that" time of the month. Keep going—comfortably—with Kotex, and the softness that stays faithfully yours. For Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it. And those special flat pressed ends of Kotex prevent revealing outlines!



Does this make sense on certain days?

- ☐ No
- ☐ Yes
- ☐ Could be

Gals in-the-know take certain days in stride, but—"fierce fun" doesn't make sense. Why jolt your innards? (There's always the merry-go-round!) Choosing milder amusements is playing safe. Like choosing Kotex. You see, you get extra protection from that exclusive safety center of Kotex. And that comfortable Kotex Wonderform Belt lets you bend freely because it's elastic—snug-fitting—non-binding. For confidence that's positively *supersonic*, try Kotex and Kotex Belts!

For a too-broad nose, better—

- ☐ Clamp a clothespin on it
- ☐ Eye-shadow the sides
- ☐ Widen your brows

If you guessed this one, you're up on your grooming! And on difficult days, score yourself a plus if you never need guess about sanitary protection. For that means you depend on Kotex—knowing there's a Kotex napkin exactly suited to your own special needs. Yes, only Kotex comes in 3 sizes: Regular, Junior and Super Kotex. Three smart ways to improve your confidence. (Smart as widening your brows to improve that too-broad nose!)



*T. M. Reg.
U. S. Pat. Off.

More women choose
KOTEX * than all other
sanitary napkins

A DEODORANT IN EVERY KOTEX NAPKIN AT NO EXTRA COST

Spring and Gene Tierney, as the pensioned widow living in a haunted house in "The Ghost and Mrs. Muir," turn the fancies of two men—George Sanders, at right, and Rex Harrison, the ghost.

The same old wonderful miracle that happens every spring places the beautiful Maureen O'Hara in the loving arms of John Payne in "Miracle on 34th Street." Just what he wanted for Christmas, too.



Victor Mature's romantic interest is torn between Patricia Medina, as his patrician fiancée, below, and Peggy Cummins, at right below, in the rôle of the Cockney who wanted to be his Galatea.



In The Spring

Everyone knows the rest of that wise

quotation (and how true it is!), but

Hollywood proves it in these 20th Century-

Fox stills gleaned from their latest films





"I'll never go back there again!"

"No, never!" muttered Mrs. Jackson:

"But, Alice! Your hair looks lovely! What is wrong?"

"That girl—that's what's wrong!" Mrs. Jackson fumed on.

"What girl?"

"Why, the one who did my hair. Honestly, it's trying enough to have to sit for hours under a hot drier, but it's downright agony to be overcome by a breath that is, to say the least, off-color!"

"Oh, that's it!" said Mrs. Gage. "Well, I can't say that I blame you. That girl ought to be fired!"

And the girl was fired! This is just another random instance of how costly halitosis (bad breath) can be in business; Mrs. Jackson lost her temper . . . the girl lost her job . . . the shop lost a profitable customer.

How Dare You?

When the penalties can be so great how dare you take a chance on offending others when Listerine Antiseptic offers such a wonderful precaution against halitosis. Almost immediately this delightful antiseptic makes breath fresher,

sweeter, less likely to offend. Get in the habit of using it night and morning, and between times, before any close contact with others. It gives you a wonderful feeling of assurance.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes. Use it night and morning. LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO. St. Louis, Missouri



Before any date be careful about your breath . . .

Use **LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC**



Love me... IF YOU DARE!



Hate me... IF YOU CAN!



Kill me... IF YOU MUST!

The story of
love that flowered
like the Moss Rose...
out of the ashes of
death and
violence!

**PEGGY CUMMINS
VICTOR MATURE
ETHEL BARRYMORE**

MOSS ROSE

with
VINCENT PRICE
MARGO WOODE • GEORGE ZUCCO
PATRICIA MEDINA • RHYS WILLIAMS

From the best-thriller
novel that startled
...and stunned!



20th CENTURY-FOX

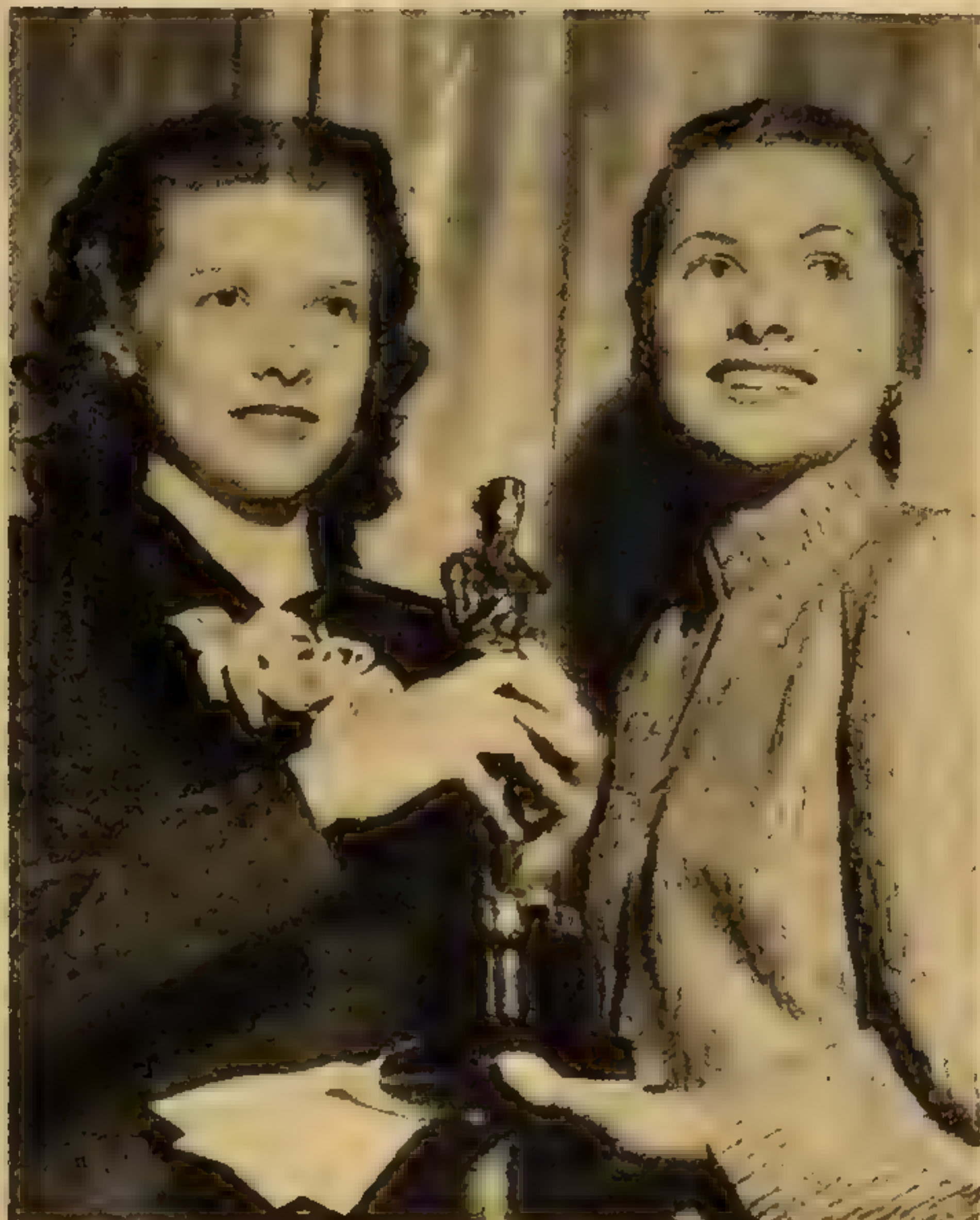
Directed by GREGORY RATOFF • Produced by GENE MARKEY

Screenplay by Joseph Kessel • Story by Joseph Kessel • Adaptation by Victor French • From the novel by Joseph Kessel



The Editor's Page

AN OPEN LETTER TO FREDRIC MARCH



Fredric March, busy on Broadway in his hit play, "Years Ago," couldn't leave to accept his Best Actor award in Hollywood. So Cathy O'Donnell, also of "The Best Years of Our Lives," accepts the Oscar in his behalf, from Joan Fontaine.



HERE IS FREDRIC MARCH'S REACTION ON WINNING THE ACADEMY AWARD FOR BEST PERFORMANCE BY AN ACTOR (IN "THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES")

"I am very thrilled to have won the award the second time, and to have been part of such a truly great picture as 'The Best Years of Our Lives.' Happy for all of us who were in it and for the message it carries. Certainly I never enjoyed more making a picture. My future plans are indefinite, depending on the run of my play, 'Years Ago,' which at the moment is doing extremely well. Thank you!"

Fredric March

CONGRATULATIONS — to an actor and a gentleman. Corny? Maybe. But I only say it because it's true.

It's not just that you won the Oscar for your Best Performance in "The Best Years of Our Lives." The really thrilling thing is that for you, it's the second Oscar—in 1932 you won it for "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Where is another actor who could have made the transition from the flamboyant technique of fifteen years ago to the frank, realistic portrayal of today? The secret is that you were never a glamor boy but an actor, first, last and all the time. And it seems to me you've proved that that's the best thing, by far, to be. A conscientious craftsman but more than that, a sincere artist. And, if I may get personal, a modest gentleman. So here's to your third Oscar, coming up sometime in the next fifteen years.

Delight Evans



March is a second-time award winner. Back in 1932 he won the Best Actor's award for his performance in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," above.



Remember this scene from the fine Samuel Goldwyn picture, "The Best Years of Our Lives"? As his daughter, Teresa Wright greets "Pop" March.



and Myrna Loy, as his loving and love-wife, welcomes her man back from the wars in one of the many touching scenes from the nine-award film.

Don't Call Her "The Body"

Forget that trademark! Marie McDonald wants to be known as an actress from now on; gets best role opposite Gene Kelly in "Living in a Big Way."



Dancin' Man

His mind is as nimble
as his feet—Gene Kelly

By Paul Marsh

THE first thing you notice about Gene Kelly when you sit down to a chat with him is exactly what you expect. His thinking and speaking are as nimble as his dancing feet. His words tumble out with the same ordered and meaningful precision as the steps of his dance routines. He doesn't waste a thought on irrelevant subjects, and what he has to say is directly to the point.

He looks straight at you as he speaks, as though he were performing for a live audience or working before the camera. He doesn't want you to miss a thing because each little item he offers you is an essential part of a picture he wants to give you.

That's how he impressed me when I met him in the MGM commissary for lunch. It's only natural for you to wonder about Gene before you meet him, and since you've put together all the things you've heard about him, you wait eagerly to see how your preconceived notion fits with the actual person.

First of all, for the sake of the Kelly record, Gene is one of those people who has a mind of his own and knows how to use it. His eyes sparkle as he speaks, he's warm and friendly right from the beginning, and he brings with him a pleasant, assured glow. You like him instantly because he's direct and honest, *(Please turn to page 74)*

Gene with Marie McDonald in "Living in a Big Way," Kelly's first film since his return from Navy duty.





BOB "TYCOON" HOPE is still as funny as ever, although at the moment he claims he might easily be the most harassed big business man in the country. At the very peak of his career the books show he is exactly one million dollars in debt to the Bank of America. This state of affairs would be enough to send any ordinary tycoon to an institution devoted to the elimination of ulcers, but not Bob. Whenever he thinks about it a pleased look comes over his face, and he appraises the situation with semantic thoroughness.

"It's a beautiful spot to be in," he told me during an interview in his dressing room on the Paramount lot. "You know how flattered we human beings feel when people fuss over us. Well, the folks up at the Bank of America simply break their necks with concern over me. Nothing is too good for me. They are vitally hopeful that I go on thriving in my work, and they are more than eager that I retain my good health. It's nice to know important men have such a positive feeling of good will toward me."

As Bob enters into what might be described the "middle" phase of his career, viz. big business, he finds himself at the head of three corporations. First, there is the Hope Corporation for the publishing of his books. Secondly, there is Hope Records, Inc., for the manufacture and sale of his recordings; and finally, Hope Enterprises, his independent picture producing concern. The latter outfit, to be specific, is the one that owes that cool million dollars. It has some twenty-five other stockholders, including Bing Crosby, Leo McCarey, Director David Butler and Bob's wife and four children.

"I'm split up more ways than Sinatra was during his early days in Hollywood," Bob confided to me, "but that's logical. There's more of me than there is of Sinatra."

The reason for that \$1,000,000 debt in-

Tycoon Hope still has time for laughs with Dottie Lamour, far left; his lovely wife Dolores, center. But he's dead serious on the set of "My Favorite Brunette," first of his independent picture ventures for release by Paramount.



curred by Hope Enterprises was the filming of the most recent Hope starring picture, "My Favorite Brunette," in which Bob plays opposite his steady screen girl friend, Dorothy Lamour. The bank put up the million bucks and the stockholders an additional \$100,000 when Bob decided to make the picture as an independent venture with a Paramount release. But now comes the reason why Bob can be flippant about having the books of Hope Enterprises daubed up with all that red ink. If "My Favorite Brunette" shows the same magnetic influence at the box office that has been typical of all Hope films, the comedian and his fortunate

fellow stockholders will realize enough folding money to keep their heirs in shoes for ten subsequent generations.

Nevertheless, Bob has a legitimate right to muse over the risk involved. After all, "My Favorite Brunette" still hasn't made the rounds of the theaters, and anything can happen. "Look at it this way," observed Bob, "a million bucks is a million bucks anyway you toy with it."

Strangely enough, this financial condition of Hope Enterprises, his largest concern, is in direct opposition to Bob's first business principle—stay out of debt. "But what kind of a big business man

would I be," asked Bob, "if I didn't take a flier now and then? Margins and things like that are right in my stride, but when it comes to exercise I really prefer bicycling." This happens to be true. Bob's bike was standing in the corner of the very room where we were seated. I could tell it was his by the black and gold sign hanging from the cross bars. It read, "Drop it, brother. Bob Hope."

My reason for seeking an interview with Bob at this time was to try to pick up some useful tips to pass along to tired business men. "Tell me about your modus operandi, Bob," I prompted.

"My Hooper- (Please turn to page 83)

—READ ALL ABOUT

Bob Hope, TYCOON

By
Neil
Rau

CLEVELAND
INDIANS
TRAINING CAMP

PITTSBURG
PIRATES
TRAINING CAMP



Talk about big business men! The head of Hope Enterprises says he's split up more ways than Sinatra. "But that's logical," adds Bob. "There's more of me than there is of Sinatra"



BETTY HUTTON, star of "Fools of Paradise" with daughter Lindsay Diane

FRED ROBBINS

Right off the Record



Presenting our new department of platter chatter conducted by that persuasive young Professor of Thermodynamics, that disk jockey with the amazing jive vocabulary—Fred Robbins!

Get on the band wagon with this boy! Any questions about records and record-makers? Ask Fred Robbins



Fred's a busy boy. Above, he interviews Diana Lynn, guesting on his "1280 Club" over WOV.



Other famous guests Fred has presented include Tommy Dorsey, above, and Janis Paige.



Jinx Falkenburg, below, has fun on show. Fred, just 27 himself, is an idol of the hep-cats.



HYA, Min—how ya been?
Can I come in? I got good stuff to spin!
Mais oui, oodles of good stuff! Too much for any one purse, nurse, with summer almost here and all those threads and furbelows ya gotta buy. And with vacation creepin' around, fella, and that green stuff with dead people's pictures on it pretty well earmarked, we'll let you in on the most fetching etchings so's you won't be too much in hock to that wax works. Alors!

HEAVENLY!

FRANK SINATRA: Oh, puddles of purple passion! Here's a fresh albumful of fresh cookies by Nancy's Daddy and what a delicious mess of ear balm! The Hoboken Kid fills (*Please turn to page 89*)



Exhibitor Louis K. Ansell's first production is "Women in the Night," a strong modern drama. Girls of all nations are portrayed in scene above: left to right, Iris Flores, Mexican; Virginia Christine, American; Tala Birell, French; Frances Chung, Chinese; Gloria Haley, Russian (Jack Haley's daughter); Helen Mowery, English; Bernadine Hayes, German. At left, alluring Maria San Marcos of Mexican Films.

He's an important man in the movie-
going public's life, Mr. Exhibitor is.
He should know what sort of pictures
you want to see. So this particular
Mr. E. has turned producer, and here's
the scoop story of his first production

By Alyce Canfield

WHEN you are very young, the pinnacles upon which famous stars reside seem very far away. With their fabulous homes, their jewels and furs, their swank automobiles, their gilt-edged existences, these people seem as remote as Mars. But what youth does not always realize is that these famous folk were once teen-agers, too. They had their dreams, their ambitions. The difference between them and the casual man on the street is that *they* did something about their dreams. They took their future in both hands and molded it into success. For they knew that you can't let life just happen to you. You have to go out and wrestle with it. You have to make your own future. Nothing drops in your lap.

Take the case of Louis K. Ansell. He's an exhibitor turned movie producer, and you'll be seeing his name in the columns soon, right along with other famous producers. But he didn't become a producer by chance. He made it happen. He felt that a man who had been in close touch with the public, who had exhibited motion pictures for thirty-five years, should know what the public wanted if anyone did. And he saw no reason why he couldn't make pictures. He didn't know a thing about producing; but he did have the same determination to shape his own destiny that he had when, as a boy, he decided to own a motion picture theater—although he didn't have a dime in his pocket.

When he came to Hollywood to film "Women in the Night," he simply didn't know enough about the business to be scared. He was told that making a picture would cost his shirt, that the big studios had no space to rent to independent producers, that the cost of sets were prohibitive, that the studio

Mr. Exhibitor

Has His Fling



SCREENLAND reporter Canfield, who went down to Mexico to cover this story, is seen at right gathering material in group which includes Richard Loo, Chinese actor, Joseph Ansell, and, at desk, producer Louis K. Ansell and Director William Roland. Above, Bill Henry, male lead in the picture, goes for a swim in Mexican waters with starlet Iris Flores. Fabulous \$6,000,000 La Playa Hotel in background. Below, huge sets were found in the interior of La Playa, where priceless ceramics and golden tapestries formed expensive backdrops.



strikes were tough enough on big outfits like Metro but when an independent producer was held up while stage rentals and salaries went on and on—well, that spelled disaster. The old-timers around Hollywood were pulling in their horns; they weren't taking chances. But if Hollywood has one gross fault it is a reluctance to try new paths. There is a classic tale about a story conference that is typical.

A group of producers and screen writers were listening, spellbound, while a young author outlined his story idea. "It's terrific, colossal, wonderful!" said the Hollywood big-wigs, with

enthusiasm. "But," they added dolefully, "we can't do it."

"Why not?" asked the baffled young author.

"Because it's never been done before," was the answer.

Ansell knew nothing of such bugaboos. When told he couldn't rent studio space, that the cost of the sets were prohibitive, that the studio strikes would run up his production costs to a fantastic figure, he asked himself where he could go to circumvent that situation. While other producers were sitting by waiting for the breaks, Ansell made his own breaks. He looked around, found a place where there were no strikes: Mexico. Then he went on scouting parties to find a place in Mexico that resembled the locale of his story, which was laid in Shanghai. He found such a place in Ensenada, not far below the border. There he discovered a six million dollar hotel, La Playa, a lost Shangri-la. Built by Jack Dempsey, it had not been occupied since gambling had been declared illegal in Mexico. But the wonderful ceramics, the golden tapestries, the huge gambling rooms, the smooth white beach—these made sets which would have cost a fortune to build. Ten years ago, they cost six million dollars. At today's prices, the cost would have been tripled. So, without the experience to be afraid, without knowing enough to "put off" the undertaking, Louis Ansell and his brother and partner, Joseph, took their cash and went down to Mexico.

They laid their groundwork well. For their director they had Mexican Academy Award winner, William Roland, who had a wonderful story about the untold heroism of women of all nations during the war. From (Please turn to page 115)

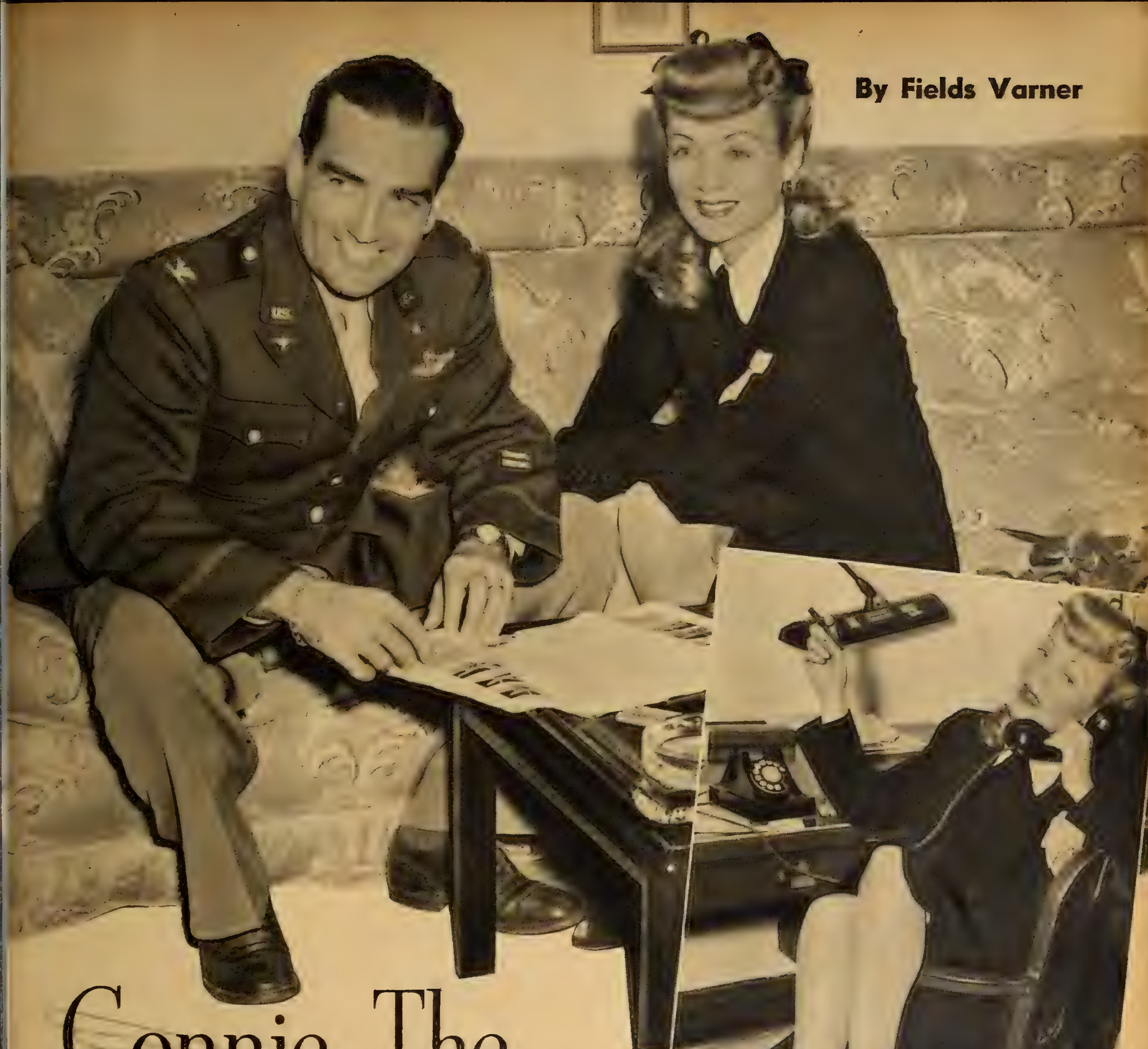
Yonda

Yonder

**Starring in "The Long Night,"
with newcomer Barbara Bel Geddes,
Vincent Price, and Ann Dvorak**



By Fields Varner



Connie, The *Colonel's Lady*

She's the same blonde, brilliant Connie Bennett, but with a difference. She's in love

As the wife of dashing Colonel Jack Coulter, Connie now divides her time between Hollywood and Maxwell Field, Alabama.

THE Santa Monica mansion, where Constance Bennett lives when she's in California, is closed tighter than a drum. The actress-producer now calls a seven-room barracks apartment at Maxwell Field, Ala., her home. That is, while her husband, Col. Jack Coulter, of the Army Air Forces, is stationed there,

and he will be until summer rolls around.

In one of these apartments, which the AAF provided for students of the AAF Air University, Constance and her staff of writers will work out many details concerning her next picture, "Smart Woman," which will go into production soon. She will star in, as well as produce,

the picture. Constance, who prefers being just Mrs. Jack Coulter, of Maxwell Field, says, "I can't be in Hollywood and with my husband at the same time. Everyone on the coast has been most cooperative about doing all the picture's preliminaries in Alabama, so John (as Constance) (Please turn to page 71)

*Happy
Hayward*

Susan's in high spirits these days. Dramatic hit in "Smash-up" is followed by romantic role in RKO's "They Won't Believe Me," opposite Robert Young.



Good Enough for *Grable*

He never made a musical in his life. He was classed as a "heavy." And yet it turned out that Dan Dailey was—yes—good enough to become Betty's first male dancing partner

By Fredda Dudley

WHEN 20th Century-Fox were casting "Mother Wore Tights," they were faced with a serious problem: for the first time in her picture career, Betty Grable was to have a male dancing partner. In "The Dolly Sisters" Betty and June Haver had been a team, and in some of the earlier musicals Betty and Alice Faye had done a turn together, but Betty had never been teamed with a male dancing star.

There wasn't a brilliant male dancer on the 20th lot, and scrutiny of the borrowable players working at other studios disclosed no one who was right. Fred Astaire's retirement had been announced, and Gene Kelly had more pictures lined up for him than triplets could handle. Marc Platt at Columbia was in the same busy condition. Paramount wouldn't think of loaning Johnny Coy.

At this lean point, someone said, "How about Dan Dailey? He's out of the Army now—after three years of service—and aching to get back to work." Someone else said, "Are you out of your mind? Dan Dailey never made a musical picture in his life. He was cast as a gangster, did a darned good job, too, in 'Ziegfeld Girl.' He's a heavy." At which point, Dan's original sponsor reached into history to produce a haymaker: "Dan Dailey was signed by Metro after he was a smash hit in three successive Broadway musical comedies, to wit: 'Babes in Arms,' 'Stars in Your Eyes,' and 'I Married an Angel.'"

So 20th officials decided to ask to see any available dancing test that Dan had ever made. Promptly, an impressive reel was supplied. It was a test with a history. When Dan first came to Hollywood he worked out a series of dance routines for a picture contemplated by Metro, then he and Eleanor Powell tested the tricky new steps before a camera. As sometimes happens, nothing came of this test at Metro. Almost it seemed to have been forgotten. The picture for which Dan had hopefully tested was made with Gene Kelly and Judy Garland in the
(Please turn to page 85)

Dan is Betty Grable's singing-dancing hero in 20th's "Mother Wore Tights."



Van's first interview
since his marriage!

"I'm The Luckiest Man In The World"

says VAN JOHNSON
To Alyce Canfield



YOU wouldn't expect anyone so romantic, so colorful, so glamorous as Van Johnson to have a routine marriage and a routine romance, now would you? And you wouldn't expect anyone who has been as consistently honest and forthright and down-to-earth as Van has been all these goldfish bowl years to beat about the bush, to smooth things over with glib explanations, either. As long as Van has been top man in Hollywood, his admirers and fans—to say nothing of the female wolfesses in these here parts—have been awaiting The Day. You know darned well what day—the one where the boy next door gets married.

There was a lot of speculation before this event. I can remember the scuttle-but around the Hollywood parties. It went like this, "Do you suppose he's really going to marry Sonja Henie?" Or

it went like this, "He's going with Jacqueline Dalya now, the lucky girl!" But out in the hinterlands, out in the great open spaces that make America, there were rumblings, too. They came from bobby-sockers, from romantic housewives, from women who had sons Van's age. All these women were also speculating about The Day. Only their thoughts went like this: "I hope he *never* gets married!" And now and then there would be a wistful young addition to this, "Unless he waits until *I* grow up!"

Well, little ones, Van Johnson couldn't wait! He met the girl he'd been dreaming about all his life—and he felt it would be too long a time until You grew up. Besides, when a dream comes true, it's a fragile, beautiful thing. It might disappear. You have to take your dreams where you find them. Van did.

The story of Van Johnson and Evie

Wynn is a wonderful story: romantic, deeply sincere. The most moving thing about it is that Van never expected that it would ever have a happy ending. He was just the guy who was a friend of the family. He was the one who dropped in for dinner, watched a lovely woman's profile reflected in the firelight, saw two cute youngsters enthusiastically kiss their parents goodnight, saw a lucky husband's casual approval of this great wealth of companionship. Then he was the one who said goodnight, politely, and went on home to a hotel room. There wasn't any fire there, no gay and lovely wife, no youngsters climbing all over him. There was just a room. Sometimes it seemed pretty empty and bare.

I interviewed Van many times during this period. Whenever I'd ask him about his ideal girl, he'd say, "I'd like her to be exactly like Evie Wynn. She's a wonderful person: gay, light-hearted, intelligent, fun. She loves sports—tennis, swimming, riding. She understands the theater and can talk about it intelligently. And she has real chic—like French women sometimes have. Sort of a New Yorker look: feminine, but without the frills and ruffles. She's trim, like a sloop."

Yes, that's what he said, and he meant it. He wanted to find a girl just like

Evie. Only there weren't many around. Not that he didn't date the loveliest. He went out with bubbling June Allyson, but from the first her heart belonged to Dick Powell. He squired Jacqueline Dalya around. She was smoldering, fascinating, feminine. But she was also a sophisticate. Van, on the other hand, is a plain kind of guy. He was most serious, perhaps, about Sonja Henie. But that wealthy young lady loved crowds, night clubs, big parties. With her fabulous jewels, her luxurious furs, her mansion of a home; her glittering backdrop of tremendous wealth—well, Sonja isn't what you would call a home girl. And deep in the heart of him, Van knew that when he married, he wanted a home. He's been pretty lonely.

Today, there is a little snide gossip going around to the effect that Van marched in and took away another man's wife. It always burns you up when people smugly make up their minds like robots, without ever looking into the facts of the case. Because, all the time that Van was wishing for a girl like Evie Wynn, Evie was being thrown right in his direction. Keenan—who loved motorcycles, little theater work, traveling—did not like to go dancing, play tennis, go shopping. When Evie and Keenan and Van would be together, Keenan would say, "Evie wants to go to such-and-such a place tonight. You take her, will you, Van?" Evie, good-natured, would make a moue at her lazy husband, and Van, gallantly, would say he'd love to take Evie wherever she wanted to go. When Evie wanted to play tennis or go for a swim, Keenan—who hates exercise—would say, "Van, would you mind taking Evie to the beach this afternoon?"

Maybe there were times when Evie minded this casual allotment of her time. Maybe she didn't want to do all these things without Keenan. But she's not a selfish girl who imposes her tastes on her husband, so she would grin understandingly when Keenan conveniently packed her off with Van.

I guess when it really hit her that their

marriage was not a real marriage of companionship and sharing was when she realized that Keenan didn't even pay much attention to their home. He didn't care if Evie bought blue drapes or white ones; he never noticed. Keenan, born of show people, didn't give a hoot in Hollywood for home life. He was born on the wing.

So Evie and Keenan decided to separate. Best friend Van Johnson was pretty upset about it. His theories about an ideal marriage in Hollywood were all wrong if such wonderful people as his friends Keenan and Evie couldn't make a go of it. It was enough to discourage even the loneliest bachelor.

It was then that everything happened at once. Evie was rushed to the hospital to have her second child. While she was still there, Keenan left home one morning and didn't come back. His motorcycle overturned. One moment he was laughing at the world as it whizzed by; the next, he was between life and death. It was Van who sat by his bedside, who phoned Ed Wynn, his father, who broke the news to Evie. And Keenan had once stood watch while Van hovered between life and death, so Van did for his friend. The months fol- (Please turn to page 79)



Van and his Evie out for the evening of fun with Mr. and Mrs. MacDonald Carey. The Johnsons spent their honeymoon right in Hollywood, in their new home.



Van enjoys Alyce Canfield interviews—no wonder, looking at charming, chic Alyce, above with her willing victim. Below, Van on location in the Sierras for his next, MGM's "The Missouri Story" lunches with a wardrobe man and a truck driver. He's genuinely popular with the "crew."





Graduate

FROM "CAREER ADOLESCENCE"

After four years in Hollywood,
Tom Drake has found himself

By Ruth Tildesley

noticed on the screen. "All studios had their established big stars and it was hard for a newcomer to get a break. When I returned in 1943, the big stars were off to war, young actors were welcome, and being noticed wasn't the feat it had been. I went right into '2 Girls and a Sailor.'"

In 1943, Tom was wary, ready to dodge any or all blows, to shrug off slights, determined not to expect anything.

"I used to wear beat-up shoes, tough-looking clothes, and sort of slouch around," he remembered. "When someone would say: 'Try harder to be a neat dresser, look more like an actor so the Front Office will notice you,' the advice would roll off me like water off a duck. I figured that if they had a part for me, I'd get it. Even if my work wasn't so important, I thought I was on the gravy train, it didn't matter what I did."

He glanced (Please turn to page 93)

The scene from "The Beginning or the End" that audiences chuckle over—Beverly Tyler and Tom Drake wading through the mud of their honeymoon home at Oak Ridge—meant bucket baths for the young players after every "take."

AFTER four years in college, a boy graduates into a man's world. After four years in pictures, Tom Drake is graduating from what he calls "career adolescence." Now that "The Beginning or the End," containing his most important acting effort to date, is being released, he'd like to stop being a "character."

"When an actor comes from the stage, especially if he has been out here before and nothing happened, he's apt to have a complex about pictures," says Tom. "He's like an adolescent who goes in for hopped-up cars, ancient sweat shirts and jitterbugging. He tries to give the impression that nothing matters, he doesn't care if he makes good or not, acting is something he does for laughs. He wants to build a wall around himself so he can't be hurt if things don't work out. He deliberately sets out to be a character."

Tom was very young when he first came to Hollywood. He'd had some small stage success, and when he got a role in "The Howards of Virginia" almost

at once, he thought he was on his way; the disappointment of being forgotten immediately afterward was great.

"I expected too much," he confessed, wrinkling his brow in that way you've



Tom Drake



Home from the
seven seas is
Sterling Hayden.
Welcome back

By
David J.
Atchison

Home is the Sailor



THEY say that almost anything is possible in Hollywood, even to bringing the Mountain to Mahomet, but if ever there was a case of Mahomet coming to the Mountain, it materialized the day I went out to Paramount for a luncheon-interview with Sterling Hayden.

It was to be this reporter's first post-war assignment in facing a Name, and Hayden's first bout with an interviewer in almost six years. I doubt that "The Mountain" was nervous at the prospects of facing "Mahomet," a mousey bespectacled little guy who stands only five-nine, and weighs 170 pounds.

"The Mountain" looked every inch of his 78, (which is six feet five, students) and his crushing handshake made me realize what he could do with that 212

pounds of brawn if he got mad. Pike's Peak couldn't cause more damage if it fell on you. Walking over to the studio's Continental Cafe, I looked up at him and resisted the temptation to blurt out the time-worn quip usually thrown at tall people, viz, queries about the weather "up there." My still numb right hand, which I was afraid to look at for fear I'd see a twisted pulp, reminded me not to say anything even a shade off color to this gent.

While covering the movie beat before the war I'd heard tales about how uncooperative Sterling Hayden was with the press, how he hated publicity and, above all, how he despised the movies. Once seated across the table from him, however, his ready grin and genuine friendli-

ness made "Mahomet" feel a little easier about approaching the "Mountain."

If you'll recall, in 1940 he starred in his first picture, "Virginia," along with Fred MacMurray and the beautiful Britisher, Madeleine Carroll. That film made the box office bells ring like chimes on Christmas Eve, so Paramount immediately cast him with Madeleine in "Bahama Passage," said (Please turn to page 67)



Hayden's first film since his return is "Blaze of Noon," with Anne Baxter, above.

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California's wonderland is dramatized in exciting color for your new Catalinas . . . styled in Hollywood in collaboration with the movie studios' most talented designers. Above: Mary Ann DeWeese selects the Flying Fish motif individually hand blocked on Celanese Prospector for the front of this Lastex zippered-back suit. \$14. Write for name of nearest store.



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Meet *John Mills*

When you see him as Mr. Pip in "Great Expectations"
you'll be glad we introduced you to Mr. Mills

in this exclusive story direct from England

HE'S John Mills on the bills and banners but everybody calls him "Johnny" for that's the kind of guy he is. Sunny-tempered and quiet and pleasantly modest, just a little inclined to be shy. Girls are always charmed by his simple courtesy and consideration while older women instinctively want to mother him. But men appreciate him, too, because he's sound and steady and always unassuming. He's one

of the very few screen stars of whom you never hear a harsh word around the studios. Even the other actors are fond of him, which, as you know, is unusual!

Family man Mills, below, with "Bunch" Mills and, top of page, with both his daughters. Left, at home with Mrs. Mills. Right, between scenes of "Meet Me at Dawns, Mills chats with Hazel Court and "reverse-lease" star, our Bill Eythe.

Not a little of his popularity is due to his engaging smile. "Do, please, like me," it seems to ask and that is actually at the back of Johnny's mind, for he sincerely does want to please people, both on the screen and off it. It tends to make him worry about his work, which he takes extremely seriously. One sternly critical fan letter can cause him genuine concern. Fortunately, he doesn't receive one very often. (Please turn to page 87)





Color photo by Clarence Bull, MGM

Kathryn Grayson In "It Happened In Brooklyn"

What Hollywood Has Taught

Guy Madison

By Ben Maddox



Guy, tanned and husky, is in the pink of condition. Hates restaurants, would rather cook his own meals. Just after Albin shot pic below, Guy ate seven pieces of liver this size, drank a quart of milk.



Exclusive home photos
by Jack Albin

DO YOU specialize in separating facts from fables? Consider the case of Guy Madison, now co-starring with Shirley Temple in RKO's romantic "Honeymoon." Here are the newest truths from Guy himself. As you know, almost every reporter in the movie world has hectically poured into print his or her own personal interpretation of the Selznick star. SCREENLAND determined to get the untold story behind all the tid-bits about Madison, and sent me to find out just what Guy, in person, thinks and feels. Unembellished by any trimmings. In a newsscoop—*what has Guy learned in Hollywood?*

"I've learned a lot I didn't expect," he told me. He opened the door of his Beverly Hills home, a six-room, one-story Spanish stucco on a quiet, tree-shaded street. Guy wore a white T-shirt, tan slacks the identical color of his sun-tanned skin, hand-knit wool socks, and loafers. We talked in his den, his favorite spot. Two over-sized divans and a stunning new radio-record player emphasize its comfort. He put a pile of classical records on and promptly got rid of his shoes when he sat down. "More relaxing," he grinned.

"I imagined the movies meant a great deal of money, a sharp car, a fancy house of my own design, independence, clothes—well," he said frankly, "at least I've some good



He's learned a lot. He admits it.

But—"I haven't learned anything new about love. It's no game with me.

It's for keeps." The Guy himself!

clothes now. It's a ball to walk into a fine tailor's and order what you've dreamt of wearing. And clothes are important in making the right business impression in Hollywood. Here, as everywhere else, you are judged superficially by your clothes.

"What every actor new to Hollywood learns, financially, is that he isn't going to earn big money right off. I haven't bought a thing you see in this house other than that radio record-player, and those records for it. Besides some books. I've learned much in Hollywood about myself, however. For instance, that I now can't live without music. Gail Russell made me so music-minded I even go to sleep every night with the radio on. Glenn Miller's still my favorite orchestra leader. I like Kostelanetz, too. 'On the Town' is as far as I go in the impressionistic trend. I don't understand improvisation in music, and I don't want to know too much *about* music; I want to keep on enjoying it.

"Six years ago, when I was a sophomore in college, I owned a five-year-old coupe. That rather filthy '39 Ford coupe you passed in the driveway is mine. I bought it while in the Navy, and it still gets me about. I'd love a convertible, say a new Mercury. Whenever I can afford a new car for the first time in my life I bet I'll keep it sleek.

"This is a nice house I'm renting, of course. But I want to build my own place in the next two years. In the hills, with lots of trees about. My *(Please turn to page 91)*

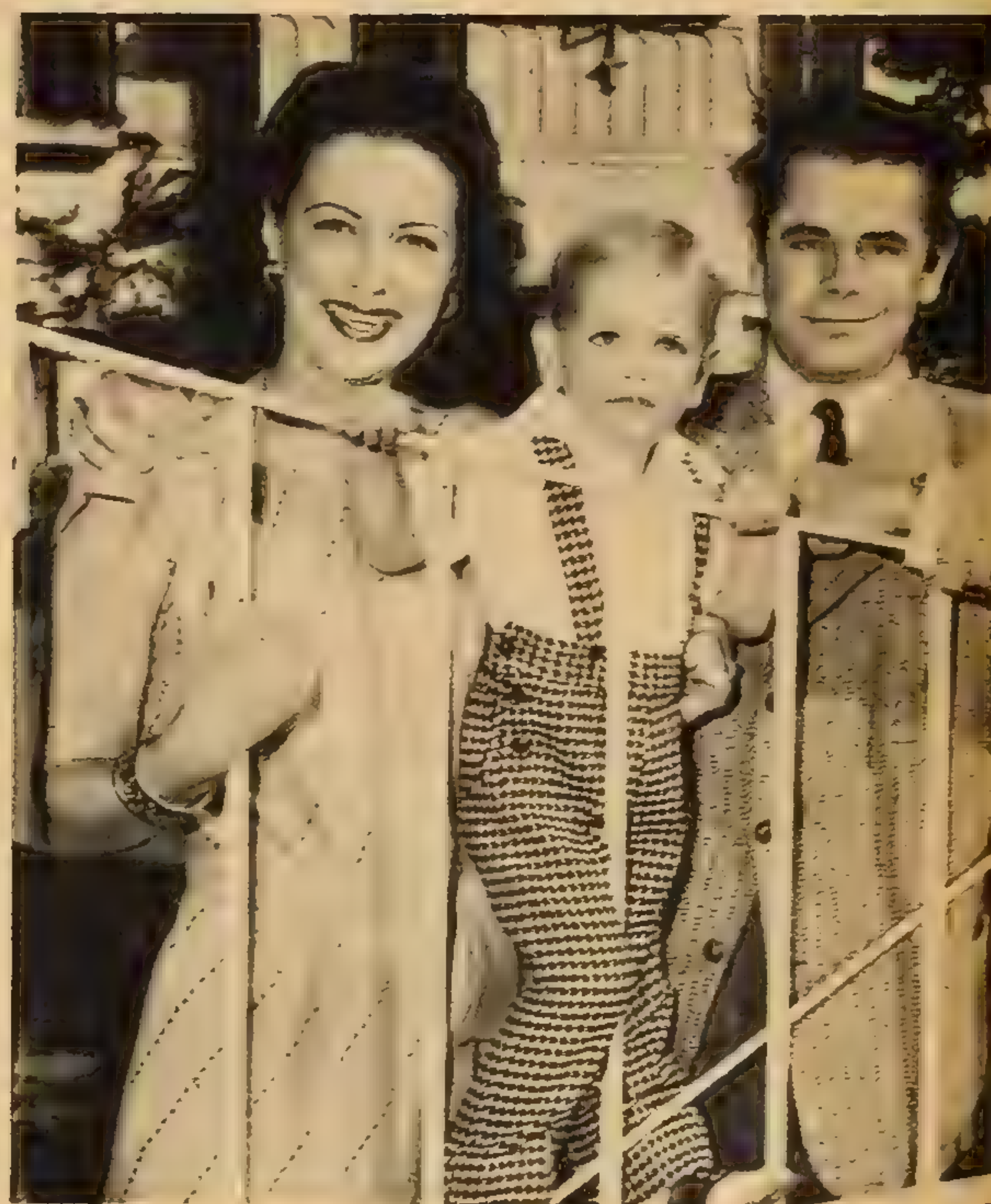




**We're fed up with all this criticism of Hollywood!
Just because a few reckless people do foolish things,
why condemn a whole hard-working community
composed, for the most part, of nice folks like the
Ford Family? So we're showing them off to you
in these exclusive home photos**



Young Pete Ford is a lucky kid—Eleanor Powell for a mother, Glenn Ford for a father; a brook in his own backyard; a big sunny room of his own in that beautiful Beverly Hills house pictured on facing page. But he isn't spoiled. Pop sees to that. In fact, Pop wasn't in favor of this home layout at first; figured it might make a little ham of his son. But we broke him down when we pointed out the good effect such a layout as this can have, to counteract some of that criticism of Hollywood standards we mentioned. "Framed!" he grinned, plugging his new picture for Columbia.



The Family Ford

Eleanor, Peter and Glenn

Home photos by
Ned Scott, Columbia Pictures



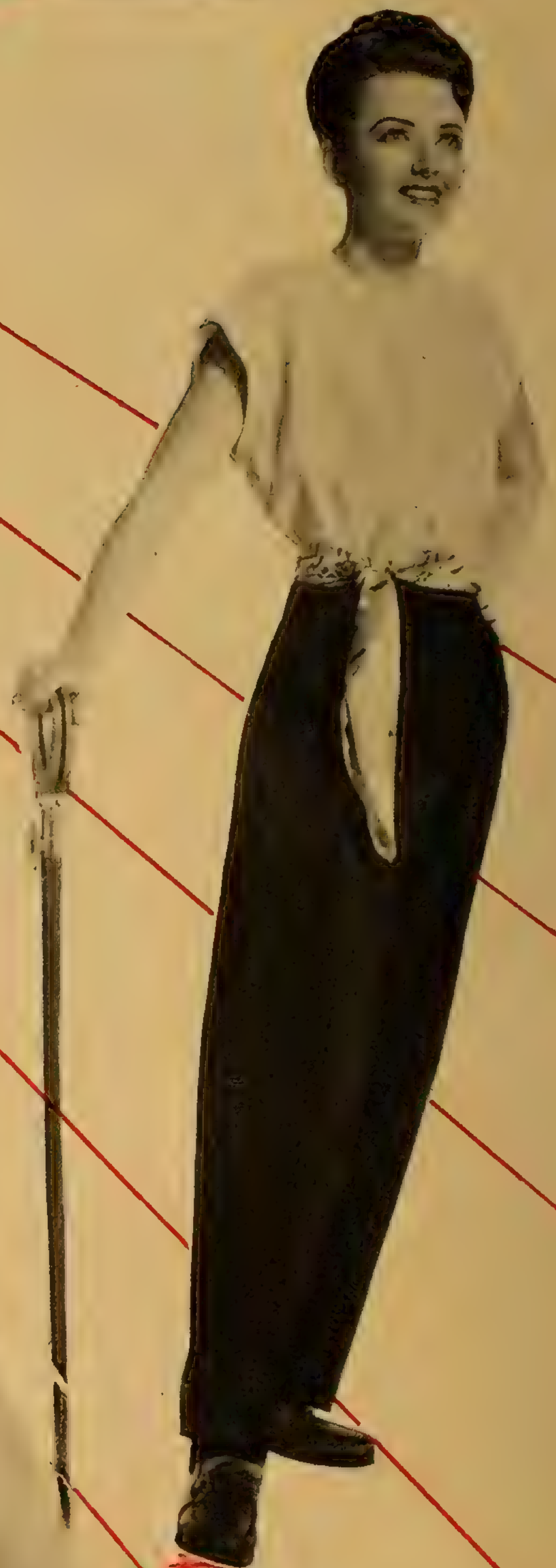
By
Mary Ellen Martin

Going Away

Fashions

A one-shoulder playsuit, right, that gives the sun a chance to do you brown. It's a Monroe Lloyd design in Frisco jersey. At D. H. Holmes, New Orleans. White Connie Lo-Heelers by Wohl at Kline's in St. Louis, Kansas City, Detroit, Cincinnati.

You can wear this striped cotton, below, any place at all and still feel dressed up. It's a Doris Dodson original in royal blue and white. Sizes 9-15 at Oppenheim Collins, New York and Mandel Bros., Chicago.



Zip-2-Fit slacks by Ann Marie Sportswear make waist adjustment simple—just zip it to size. Worn with Cathy Lee blouse and Babé scarf. Slacks at J. L. Hudson in Detroit. Blouse at Litt Bros., Phila.

It's pretty Martha Vickers on these pages posing in the kind of clothes you'll want to take with you—be it on honeymoon or vacation. Martha's new picture is called "Love and Learn"

A favorite for dressy dates is this off-the-shoulder Tina Leser cotton print with its scalloped black petticoat peeking below. At Saks-Fifth in New York and Neiman-Marcus in Dallas.

Perfect for travel is this Ciro gabardine suit in white, navy, desert sand, copper. Sizes 10-20. Chatelaine and earrings by Lissner. Suit at Saks-Fifth, New York, and Unger's, Portland, Ore.

This topper with the flattering back flare is a Leeds Original. You'll wear it everywhere all summer. Comes in sizes 10-20 at Livingston Bros. in San Francisco and Russeks in New York. White straw styled by Lish.

By Elizabeth
B. Petersen

Tradition Buster

"Boy," cracked Bing

Crosby to Sonny Tufts,

"you're sure in a rut!

You move 3,000 miles to

Hollywood and right in

a New England farmhouse.

You might as well

have stood in Boston!"

BOWEN Charleston Tufts, III (Sonny to you) had his life all mapped out for him three hundred years before he was born. And a very comfortable one it was to be, too. His many-times-great grandfather Peter, the first of the Tufts to come to America, had seen to that. He'd missed the Mayflower by some eighteen years, arriving somewhere in the vicinity of Boston in 1638, and that famous boat was from all accounts, the only thing he did miss in his long and prosperous life.



In Paramount's "Blaze of Noon" Sonny shares honors with Sterling Hayden, Anne Baxter, William Holden and Johnny Sands, above.



The old saying like father, like son, could very well have been coined for the Tufts. When Peter died, his son, Charles, followed right along in his very substantial footsteps and struck some new ones for himself, thereby setting an example for all the Tufts to come. For three hundred years none of the family moved out of a radius of three square miles and it became an understood thing that the sons would go into finance just as their fathers, grandfathers and great-grandfathers had.

That is, they did until Sonny came along.

"Me, I can't even keep my own check book straight," he chuckles, for all the world as if he's proud of it.

In the beginning no one dreamed that he was going to be a rebel. For though he did spend many, many hours on Allerton Hill wistfully watching the boats as they set sail for England and Spain and other far places, with that look of wanting out in his eyes, didn't he conform in every other way? He sang in the choir in Trinity Church, and though the very loud and disdainful vocal raspberry delivered at a particularly pompous and blue-blooded solist one bright Palm Sunday morning was generally thought to have emerged from Sonny's innocent childish lips, the charge was never thoroughly proved. And though, beginning at the age of six, he loved entertaining his mother and father's company by doing imitations of Cantor and Jolson and the other headliners of the time, coming up for the applause, as he says now, with all the ham in him, his family just put it down to precociousness and unusual talent and, well, his general superiority over other children of his age.

He went to Philips-Exeter, just as every other adolescent Tufts had since the preparatory school had been founded, and it was a foregone conclusion he'd play along in the family tradition and go to Harvard since all the male Tufts went there just as the girls went to Tufts, founded by the before-mentioned Charles.

But Sonny fooled them. He went to Yale. That was the first intimation that Sonny really was different, though by that time the family were ready to admit that they should have sensed it long ago. For now, come to think of it, Sonny who'd shot up to that six-feet-four height of his almost before he was out of knee breeches had always looked a little out of place in the Tufts' Winchester drawing room. And his mother confessed she'd had many a bad





The dazzling doll at left is none other, in private life, than Mrs. Franchot Tone, and mom to the young man at left above, four-year-old Pascal Franchot Tone. In Paramount's "Blaze of Noon" she's siren Jean Wallace. Top left, Franchot chats with smart and streamlined writer Flo Pritchett.

NIAGARA boasts of two things that made it famous, the Falls and Franchot Tone. Both of them have been gazed upon by the dreamy eyes of thousands; both have been discussed, talked about and written about. Both are this town's "claim to fame." The only thing that makes Franchot more unique than the Falls is that no one has gone down his sides in a barrel!

There has been a lot of conversation about this slim, debonair, and suave Mr. Tone ever since his first softly spoken and well-articulated words flowed across the screen, for he was different than most. People couldn't quite understand what went on behind the scenes, for this young man confused them.

The reasons were simple and also silly. They couldn't figure him out because

Just The Right Tone

He lends
a certain
something to
pictures. Savoir
faire with a
sense of
humor—
that's
Franchot

By
Florence Pritchett



Our Jack Albin caught up with the Tones, grabbed candid shot above. Top right, scene from Eagle-Lion's "Lost Honeymoon," in which Franchot is the star, Ann Richards and Frances Rafferty the featured players.

most movie actors at that time had stepped from gas stations and soda fountains into the foolights. Mr. Tone was a college man, a typical well bred and schooled American. It was beyond anyone's reason to understand why he should be a motion picture actor. His muscles didn't bulge so much that girls fell in a faint. He wasn't quite the handsomest man they'd ever seen. So what was it?

For quite a space of time now, while the name of Franchot Tone has been "up there," they have searched frantically for the answer. At this point, I'm not going to put myself forward as the one who has discovered the secret of the Tone success. I have an idea or two posted back in the dim recesses of my mind, but I'll let you guess.

On a sunny day in Romanoff's (among other times) I have been fortunate enough to have my company graced with Mr. Tone's presence, thereby formulating definite opinions and views of him just

through his conversation. So, I'll give you a treat. You've heard the roar of Niagara but I doubt if you've heard the slow, resonant, molasses tones of Mr. Tone. I'll let you listen in over lunch and you can make up your own mind about a man who has almost become a Hollywood legend, simply because he is an enigma to most who see him.

When Franchot first hit Hollywood they were firmly convinced he was a "snob." Naturally, this was said by a few who were perhaps jealous of the fact that this well-mannered young man came from one of the oldest and best families in America. Maybe his Cornell diploma rankled in their sides, but whatever it was, they were wrong. Franchot is too well bred to be a snob. One of his greatest attractions is his interest in all kinds of people, plus a graciousness of manner that quickly makes all kinds of people his victims, ever after Tone fans.

The "snob routine" was followed by

wolf stories, for the urbane Franchot, being momentarily unattached, became one of the boys and was nicknamed "Doc." His conquests with the feminine sex were lauded and envied by those men who didn't do so well. The result was that a young lady having heard these tales would be startled when they found a polite and extremely considerate companion.

Was Mr. Tone upset or misled by these tales of his valors? Not at all. He calmly and matter-of-factly waded through the bogs of gossip and came out on hard land still on his handsomely shod feet. He went on in his self-contained way and soon they were following behind him, mumbling to themselves. They may have figured him a snob, a wolf or a playboy, but they forgot to notice that he was smart. So they were dumb, for he is smart!

To get back to lunch for all of us must be getting hungry by now, it was very crowded at Romanoff's that day. The "joint was jumping" with celebrities, gawking visitors, starlets, social climbers and waiters. Somewhere in the maelstrom I spotted this charming enigma named Franchot, and we settled down for a long confab. He (after ordering me a martini which made me feel like a beast for he was on the wagon) said, "This being interviewed is awful. I hate to talk about myself. I never know anything particularly interesting about me. Why don't we talk about you?"

That I knew would never make a story so I asked him about his children, for now, after "snob and wolf," he is a father.

He smiled with his long, crooked mouth and said, "Thank God, I have two boys. No, don't jump to conclusions, I love girls, but they are such a problem when they grow up. With girls you have to worry about (Please turn to page 81)

PHOTO PREVIEWS



That gla-mermaid of the movies, Esther Williams, has a new picture coming up, called "This Time for Keeps," with Johnnie Johnston, above.



The MGM company journeyed to Mackinac Island, Michigan, for location scenes. Jimmy Durante, above, with Johnnie and swim-star Williams.



Beloved Jimmy and famed veteran actress Dame May Whitty play Cupids who reunite romancers Esther and Johnnie. It's a Pasternak Technicolor.



T
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Y
UT



Warners "Stallion Road" is a "must" movie for all lovers of fine horse-flesh. Zachary Scott plays a novelist seeking material at Stallion Road ranch, owned by Ronald Reagan. Above, romantic interlude with blonde menace Angela Green.



Reagan is Sierra Madra Range's best judge of horses and most skilled veterinarian. Reagan, actually a fine equestrian, needed no double for scenes like this. It's his first rôle since his Army service, and most adventuresome of his career.



Zach Scott, at right above, leaves Stallion Road with a good story about two men and a girl on the range—but not with the girl, heroine Alexis Smith, also shown in closeup at left with the man who really wins her heart, Ronald Reagan.



Cast had to be hardy to take it. Filming "Stallion Road." Location trip was rugged, but fortunately all three stars needed no coaching in ridin' the range. Alexis, no frail Hollywood pet, enjoyed outdoor scenes.



Pauline in peril, above. Right, typical scene from an original "Perils" episode. Left above, early day movie lithograph picturing the poor heroine in one of her many narrow escapes from the flint-hearted villain; while left, below, Betty Hutton re-enacts similar scene. John Lund plays the stalwart hero in whose strong embrace peerless Pauline finds refuge.



Oldies in the family will remember the original "Perils of Pauline" in which the dauntless blonde, Pearl White, time and again faced death and destruction—every week, in fact—in the apparently endless cliff-hanging thriller. Now Paramount stars its blonde bombshell, Betty Hutton, as the serial queen in a Technicolor feature of breath-taking adventure guaranteed to promote nostalgia among the oldies, excitement in the current generation, and fun for everybody.

Scream of the screen season: Betty Hutton as the silent serial queen, Pearl White, in "The Perils of Pauline"

**MORE
PHOTO
PREVIEWS**



Paulette Goddard and Burgess Meredith, Mr. and Mrs. both off and on the screen, appear in Benedict Bogeaus' "panoramic comedy" for United Artists, "A Miracle Can Happen." The Merediths co-star in just one section of this unusual picture. Fred MacMurray, below, stars in another episode as a magician.



newcomer Betty Caldwell, said to be a find, is MacMurray's love interest in "A Miracle Can Happen."



James Stewart plays a pianist, Henry Fonda a trumpeter, with Burgess Meredith as a roving reporter, above.



Remember cute Gloria Jean? She has her first grown-up role in "Copacabana," opposite Steve Cochran.



Andy Russell and Carmen Miranda sing and clown in "Copacabana," Sam Coslow's musical for United Artists.



ERE'S HOLLYWOOD

HERE'S HOLLYWOOD

HERE'S HOLLYWOOD

HERE'S HO

Here's Hollywood

Gossip by Weston East

HERE'S HO

HERE'S HOLLYWOOD

HERE'S HOLLYWOOD

HIGHLIGHTS on the 19th Academy Awards:
Best Actress: Olivia deHavilland, for her rôle in "To Each His Own." Twice nominated before, the beautiful and deserving Livvy wore a billowing, powder blue, strapless taffeta gown. In her gracious speech of acceptance, she gave full credit to "her team" and director, Mitch Leisen, who also happens to be her landlord. Mitch paid off his bet of one year's rent free if Olivia won! (He bet she *would!*) Sister Joan Fontaine was backstage to congratulate the winner.

Best Actor: Fredric March, for his rôle in the memorable "The Best Years of Our Lives." Play-acting in New York, Freddy's Oscar was accepted by Cathy O'Donnell, lovely featured player, to whom Greer Garson said: "You can just count this as a rehearsal for yourself."

Best picture: "The Best Years of Our Lives" and a second Oscar for director William Wyler. (He won his first for "Mrs. Miniver" in 1942.) Samuel Goldwyn, who received the Irving Thalberg Memorial award for producing this picture, thanked Director Wyler over the public address system—but doesn't speak to him in private. Mr. Goldwyn also thanked the members of the cast, including "Hugo" Carmichael, who turned out to be Hoagy Carmichael. And he wasn't trying to be "in character."

Best supporting actress: Anne Baxter, for her never-to-be-forgotten *Sophie* in "The Razor's Edge." Deeply touched, Anne, in an un-theatrical bright navy blue embroidered gown, received her Oscar from Lionel Barrymore in his wheel chair. Next to Olivia deHavilland's, this was the most popular award of all.

Best supporting actor: Harold Russell, the handless veteran, for his poignant playing in "The Best Years of Our Lives." When Harold reached out and took his Oscar with one of his hooks, the entire audience rose to its feet and roared its applause. There was hardly a dry eye in the house when Harold choked out: "This is the happiest and proudest moment of my life."



Five issues ago we said Olivia deHavilland should be given an Oscar for her performance in "To Each His Own"—and here she is, on the night of all nights for Hollywood's Cinema Greats, receiving her Academy Award for Best Performance by an Actress in 1946 from Ray Milland.





Who could possibly forget those scenes in "Best Years of Our Lives" with Harold Russell, the handless veteran? Shirley Temple congratulates him on receiving Best Supporting Actor Award, and Claude Jarman, Jr., for his Special Junior award, conferred for Jody in "The Yearling." Above right, Elizabeth Taylor, Marshall Thompson — future Oscarites?



"Best Years of Our Lives" certainly proved to be Samuel Goldwyn's best year when Donald Nelson presented him with the Thalberg Memorial Award and Eric Johnson the Oscar for the Best Picture of the year. In all, "Best Years" won nine awards!



Anne Baxter gets an orchid from her husband, John Hodiak, seen at center above—and an Oscar for her Best Supporting Actress performance as Sophie in "The Razor's Edge," presented by Lionel Barrymore.



Mr. Oscar knows no boundaries, so the Best Original Story award is accepted by Deborah Kerr, who starred in the winner, the British film, "Vacation from Marriage," Robert Montgomery officiating.

Humor of the evening: Jack Benny, as master of ceremonies, even topped himself. About last year's winner, "Lost Weekend," cracked Jack: "They should have signed Phil Harris to play Ray Milland's part. Phil could have found the bottle sooner and saved Paramount money!" About himself: "I've never made a Technicolor picture. It seems I have a pigment in my skin which photographs — plaid!"

Special awards: A junior Oscar to blond and bewildered Claude Jarman, Jr., for playing Jody in "The Yearling."



It's Bob Neal, top, who's sharing Diana Lynn's romantic moods. Rory Calhoun, featured in "The Red House," dates Marilyn Maxwell.



Academy Award night brings out the Alan Ladd in gala garb. They recently welcomed wee lad, playmate for daughter Alana.

Shirley Temple made the presentation but refused to kiss Claude for the photographers. "Don't forget, I'm now an old married woman," laughed Shirley. Harold Russell's special Oscar, which in his own words, "I accept for all the physically handicapped veterans in hospitals throughout the nation." To the inimitable Ernst Lubitsch (and his cigar) an award for his 25 years as an outstanding director and to Laurence Olivier, for directing, producing and acting in "Henry V." Even Shakespeare would have been proud of him!



That's Steve Cochran, masterful movie menace, who's showing such polite interest at fashion show, with his wife and Carole Landis.

Memorable Moments: Lana Turner's Mexico-tanned skin in contrast to her gleaming and revealing satin sequined gown, introducing Greer Garson, completely in black, with long, dramatic, flowing shoulder scarves . . . Jane Wyman in jet black and kelly green . . . Joan Fontaine in apricot gold . . . Ann Sheridan in black sequined jacket evening dress and diamond earrings . . . Van Johnson introducing Bob Montgomery as "Mr. Robert Montgorm-rey" . . . Ronald Reagan's dignified roll call . . . the pageant of the stars with Mary Pickford still getting the greatest hand as the reigning Queen of a great and glorious night in Hollywood.

FOR eighteen hours, Errol Flynn remained in the hospital until his wife, Nora, brought his third child and second daughter into the world. Both parents being Irish, the little one was named Rory. Their other daughter is named Diedre, and Errol's son by Lili Damita is named Sean (pronounced Shawn). When Nora was pronounced out of danger, an extremely worried Errol breathed a huge sigh of relief. But he couldn't help laughing when a nurse came up to him and said, "You've been a very good father and didn't cause us a bit of trouble. You may come back again next year!"

NEVER doubt the powers of a beautiful but shy maiden. Every Hollywood belle discovered this at a party Walter Wanger gave to celebrate Joan Bennett's birthday. Amongst the invited guests was Dorothy Malone, the Warner starlet who met the Wangers on that Command Performance trip to England. Dorothy came without an escort, didn't know anyone. Jimmy Stewart also came alone and knew everyone. Seeing Dorothy standing off shyly by herself, he asked her for a dance. While the other single ladies of the evening burned, Dorothy naively kept Jimmy fascinated until the party ended. Now they're practically going steady.

WHEN the winter in New Hampshire proved too rigorous, Bette Davis bought herself a new home at Laguna Beach and moved in bag and baggage. By the time this is printed, she will be a very proud mother. Her first Sunday "home," Bette was very touched when in walked Agnes Flannagan and Helen Cook (to whom Bette affectionately refers as "Agony" and "Cookie"). Her hairdresser and manicurist had driven down to Laguna on their one day off. Knowing Bette was remaining close to home, they insisted on giving her "the works" and it was "on the house."

Here's Hollywood

Continued



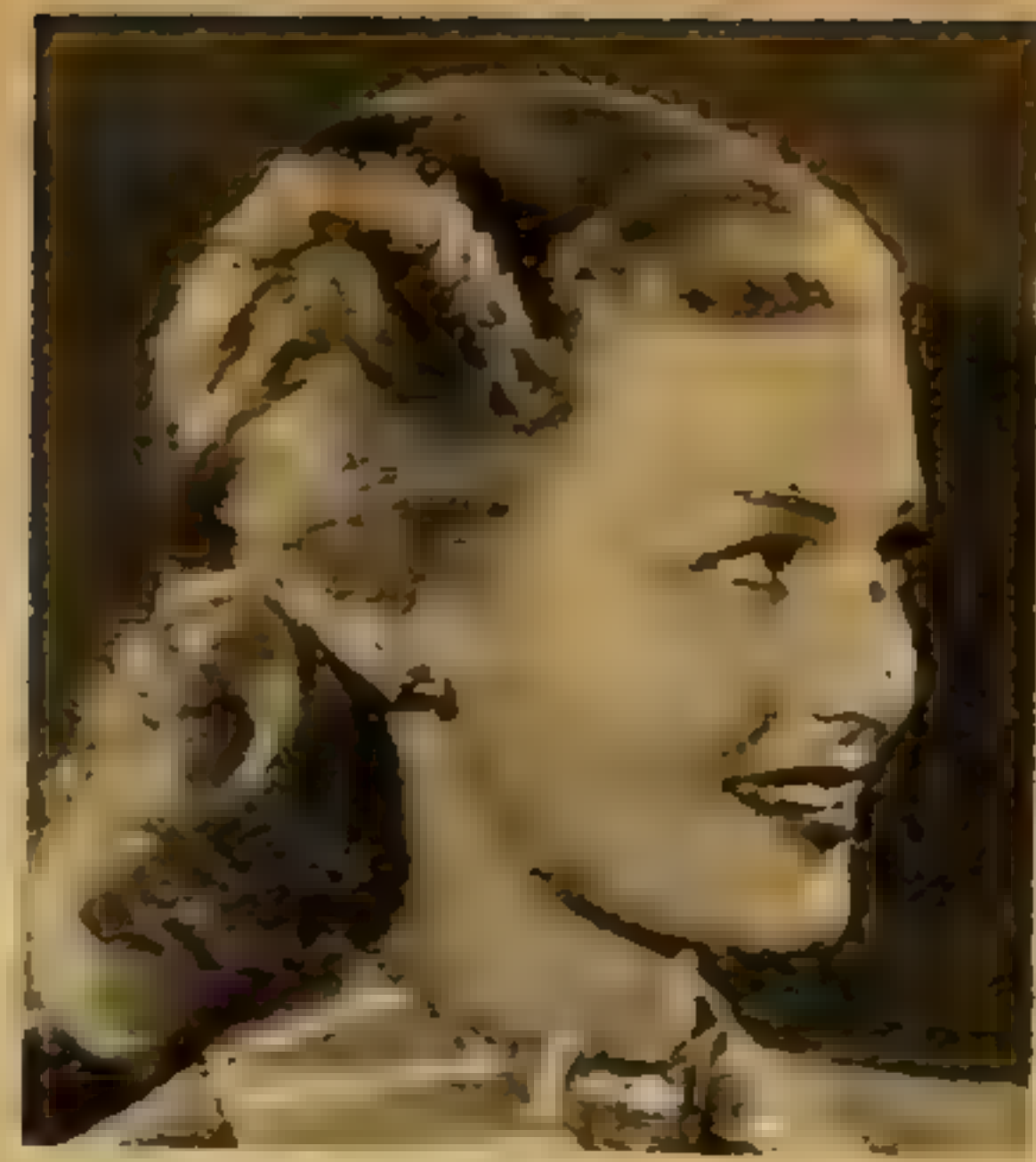
Above, our Publisher, Paul Hunter, chats with Diana Lynn, Billy De Wolfe and the John Lunas. Left, Eddie Bracken and his cute wife put their heads together at popular night spot. Right, a rare candid photo of C. Aubrey Smith and his charming wife, seldom seen in Hollywood's bright lights. Below right, Marie McDonald, who recently divorced Vic Orsatti, is squired to theater opening by Harry Karl. Luise Rainer, center below, attends Academy Awards presentation — remember her Oscar-winning picture back in 1936, "The Good Earth"? Ann Blyth, last year's winner at far left, follows the program with her aunt and uncle, the Patrick Tobins.



THOSE blinding headaches that cause fainting spells have really upset Lucille Ball's peace and comfort. However, a whole new world of happiness may open up for her, and soon — if her friends know what they are talking about. According to them, more than anything else the lovely "Lucy" and Desi want a baby. And what she wants she usually gets.

IF YOU think that tender love scene between Anne Baxter and Bill Holden in "Blaze of Noon" looked real — you are so right. At home Bill rehearsed with Brenda Marshall and Anne rehearsed with John Hodiak. The day they shot the scene, Anne said to Bill: "Now you pretend I'm Brenda, and I'll pretend you're John!"





Most heart-warming movie of the month reunites the great team of "Going My Way"—Bing Crosby and Barry Fitzgerald



In "Welcome Stranger" Bing plays a young doctor whose persistent good humor and charm finally break down the small-town prejudices of crochety Fitzgerald and win the heart of the pretty school-teacher, Joan Caulfield. Not quite another "Going My Way," it's still an enchanting show, with Bing's songs, Joan's beauty, and Barry Fitzgerald's masterly characterization to keep you royally entertained.

In the new Paramount picture young Doctor Crosby comes to town and old Doctor Fitzgerald doesn't like it. But eventually Bing proves himself and the old Doc really welcomes the stranger into his heart and home. It's wholesome film fare for the family.



Home Is the Sailor

Continued from page 44

picture making only a slight tinkle. It was then, in early 1941, that Sterling could conceal his disgust no longer, and pulled out of Hollywood lock, stock and barrel.

"That was no publicity stunt," he told me. "I really quit cold to return to the sea. I did not consider myself an actor and I felt completely out of place."

I stifled the impulse to ask "Why?" just looking at him, but instead I wanted to know why he ever consented to be an actor in the first place. He grinned, his right eye partly closing as it always does when he's amused. "They told me that if I made two pictures, I'd coin enough money to buy my own schooner. I did make enough, but right about then the war was breathing down our necks so I postponed buying one, and joined the Marines instead."

Hayden was once Hollywood's only professional sailorman. He'd been at sea since his early teens and held masters' papers qualifying him to command any sailing vessel afloat. "When I was younger, I couldn't see why I should work hard for years so I could save enough money to play—which in my case would be to sail—so I decided to sail right from the start."

Sterling paused to chew a piece of rare prime ribs au jus. "So you sailed right into the movies," I said. "How did that come about?"

"It's a long story," he replied, "so let's wait 'til dessert."

(Intermission for lunch.)

"I'd always wanted to sail," he began, "but my first job made me have doubts about the money to be made at it. That was aboard a schooner called 'The Puritan,' on a voyage from New London, Conn., to Balboa Beach, Calif. My salary was 25 cents a month, and when I was paid off I couldn't have stood the fare up to Los Angeles."

So, through the courtesy of the railroads he rode their freight trains back across the country to Gloucester, Mass. Landing in that city flat broke, he took the first job he could find, selling men's furnishings in a bargain basement. "By the end of summer I knew that everything down there was a bargain but the job, so I found a berth in the crew of a fishing boat."

Sterling saved his money and by the time another warm season rolled around he was able to buy a little sloop, "The Vagrant," for \$150 down and ten a week. He said, "For one season I took out charter parties of landlubber fishermen, and barely came through it without getting my eyeballs hooked out. I moved out of the charter boat business while the moving was healthy."

At the close of another New England summer, Sterling heard that a millionaire in Florida wanted two men to deliver his 46-foot schooner to him. Hayden and a sea-going buddy boarded her at Boston and agreed to make the trip, just for the ride.

Once more on a sunny beach and once again broke, the two pals pooled their



Sterling Hayden can be counted on to talk of ships and sea at the drop of a hat. Above he shows Fred MacMurray and director Mitchell Leisen photo of his schooner.

finances and bought a jar of peanut butter and a loaf of bread, camped out for two days on Miami's Bay Front Park and dodged the police. Just as the last crumb of bread had been eaten and the peanut butter jar licked clean, Sterling found a job as dishwasher in The Pirate's Den, operated by the same Don Dickerson who later opened the night club of the same name in Hollywood.

"After two weeks I looked at my hands and saw how soft they were getting from constant soaking in slimy water," he said, "so I signed on as fireman aboard the steamer 'Florida,' at the same time applying for ships' masters' papers. I sweated out eleven round trips to Cuba before my certificate came through making me a full-fledged skipper of sailing vessels." Then as Number One Man aboard the schooner "Chiva," he plied between West Indies ports, calling at Turk's Island, Port Au Prince, Grand Cayam and other spots seldom touched by his rivals, the steamship lines.

Near the end of 1937 began the most interesting months of Hayden's sea-going career. As mate of the schooner "Yankee" he cruised around the world, stopping in 125 ports including many in the South Seas rarely visited by pre-war travelers, such as Pitcairn Island and Easter Isle. While at Pitcairn he met many descendants of the infamous "H.M.S. Bounty" mutineers, but claims that not one of them resembled Clark Gable or Franchot Tone.

The owners of the boat, Capt. and Mrs. Irving Johnson, kept an accurate log of the voyage and published it in book form in 1939. I didn't mention this to Sterling

as I'd heard that the mere reminder of "Sailing to See; Picture Cruise of the Schooner Yankee" would be enough to dynamite that "Mountain."

He is still rather touchy on the second chapter of that book, "Life Aboard." In it, the Johnsons are loquacious in describing him: "Sterling Hayden, of Gloucester, First Mate, is that rare find, a born sailor, a natural. In addition to that, he has the rare ability to assume authority, and his quiet commands are carried out without question by the crew. Though only 23, the older men respect him, and to top it all off, he has a virile, Viking beauty." Do you blame me for not mentioning an item like that to a guy with muscles?

After the "Yankee's" cruise, he signed as navigator aboard the famed Gloucester schooner, "Gertrude L. Thebaud," when it raced the "Bluenose," speedy Nova Scotian in the International Fisherman's Race. During this race the talk started that finally landed him in Hollywood.

A Boston newspaperman wrote a feature story about "a handsome sailorman who ought to be in the movies," and the yarn was picked up by nationwide wire services which distributed his picture and free (but unwelcome) publicity. That was a tough break, according to Sterling's way of thinking. "For months after the article appeared in the Boston and Gloucester papers," he said, "I didn't make port but what some salty old gent would look coy, wipe the froth from his lips and say, 'You oughta be inna moovies!'" He claims that he took it with a smile, but I'll wager that often-



There is something to be said in favor of this Arabian chapeau, demanding the undivided attention of delectable De Carlo, as George "Pasha" Brent wears it on set of Universal's "Slave Girl."



Andy Devine easily wins the sartorial splendor contest—there's twice as much of him!

times the needlers thought a mountain had fallen on *them*.

"I began to think I'd never live it down," he recalled, "but I got away from everything by shipping as master of the 93-foot brigantine 'Florence Robinson,' only square-rigger sailing under the American flag. We went to Tahiti."

Hayden's lifetime ambition was realized when he and a partner bought the schooner "Aldebaran," which was built for the Kaiser before the first world war. "We planned to start a passenger service between Hawaii and Tahiti," he explained, "but the Kaiser's successor started swinging his swastika around Europe, so we scuttled the idea while we were still in Panama."

En route from Panama to Boston, the "Aldebaran" caught Cape Hatteras in an ugly mood, and the little ship and its crew took a terrific beating, barely making emergency port at Charleston, N.C. The boys had hardly enough money to eat on, let alone repair the schooner, so they had to sell it as a derelict.

"It was a terrific blow to me," Sterling said, not smiling, "for I said good-bye to all my dreams. It was then that my

partner, a former Boston artist named Larry O'Toole, decided that the time was ripe to revive the you-ought-to-be-in-the-movies stuff and make some quick cash, but I laughed it off. Something I didn't want to be was an actor!"

O'Toole hunted up the newspaperman who had first spotted picture possibilities in Sterling Hayden. Through him, Larry contacted a Hollywood agent and shipped him a batch of Sterling's photos. The agent looked twice and carried the pictures over to Edward H. Griffith, the producer-director. "I'll never know what he saw in them," Sterling commented. "I had on dirty clothes and needed a shave. It later turned out that Griffith was looking for a second lead for the Virginia picture, and I guess he wasn't too particular."

But Griffith figured that if the young, bronzed, blond giant appealed to *his* jaundiced eye, what would the American Girl say? So he made a note to look up this Hayden during an eastern trip to inspect location sites for the production. Upon his arrival in Civilization (New York), Griffith found Sterling and liked him even better in the flesh. He liked

him so much he talked the startled Hayden into taking a screen test and he was In with a capital Eye.

But, as he says, he didn't stay in. Sterling Hayden is a very sincere guy, and after "Bahama Passage" was finished, he told the movie moguls in no uncertain terms what he thought of their means of making a living. Then he went back to Boston where he could "clean out the smudgepot smoke with pure salt air."

He dropped completely from the public scene, and nobody but his closest friends knew what had become of him. His fans, scores of thousands of them he'd gained just from appearing in two pictures, had the terrible realization that this disappearing act wasn't just a publicity stunt, after all. Later in 1941, it was reported that Hayden and Miss Carroll had been secretly married and that he was skippering a trading schooner in the Caribbean.

I pushed my chair back two feet and asked, "What were you *really* doing?"

Sterling grinned, so I relaxed. "I joined the Merchant Marine and sailed in a convoy for England. There I had my first taste of war, and it wasn't a very good flavor. I waited around for a return voyage and began to get lazy, so I cast around for something to do to keep in shape. I heard of a Polish commando outfit in training up in Scotland, so I went up there and took the course with them, just to fill in the time."

By the time he'd returned to America, we'd declared war on the Axis, so immediately upon his arrival in New York he enlisted in the Marines. He applied for Officer Candidate School, and soon after winning his commission he went to court at Bridgeport, Conn., and had his name legally changed to "John Hamilton."

"I was still soured on Hollywood and all it stood for," he explained, "and I didn't want my military career to be affected by or smack in any way of my past. Records in the Marines were changed to this new tag and I was never bothered by cynics thereafter, something, I understand, many actors had to take."



Researchers on "Slave Girl" haven't missed a trick in the line of torture devices. Murderous-looking waist irons are tried on tentatively (but very tentatively) by co-stars.

ENJOYS HIS WORK



Yvonne helps George try on "skull vice," used in torture chamber. His work is fun!

Inasmuch as his name by birth and christening is Sterling Hayden, he has re-adopted it. "For the benefit of anyone who's a little foggy about this," he said, "you can say that a person has the right to use any name he or she chooses—providing the extra ones aren't acquired for dishonest purposes." That's what the law says, too.

Hayden's adventures in the Marines topped any that the Imagination Departments of the studios could dream up, but it was difficult getting him to talk about them. He said, "I didn't do any more than thousands of others did," regardless of the fact that recently he was awarded the Silver Star, and they just didn't hand those out by the bushel.

His first duty was to captain a fast, 50-foot fishing boat which time and again sneaked unnoticed through the tight German blockade off the Dalmatian coast. If he won't talk about that, we'll quote from the citation which reads: "For gallantry in action from 24 Dec. 43 to 2 Jan. 44 in Mediterranean Theater; Captain Hamilton displayed great courage in making hazardous sea voyages in enemy-infested waters and reconnaissance through enemy held areas . . ." His cargo was chiefly arms and ammunition and supplies for Yugoslav partisan fighters.

Later, he parachuted behind Nazi lines in the Balkans and for 13 months worked with partisan British and American groups, surveying and setting up secret air strips. He then made radio contact with Allied headquarters and guided transports and supply planes in.

All he had to say about his decoration was "Naturally, I'm proud to be honored by my country. My service in the Marines was one of the most valuable experiences in my life."

In December, 1945, Hayden was returned to the United States and given terminal leave. He pocketed his discharge papers early in 1946 along with medals from Yugoslavia. Soon thereafter he went to Reno, established the necessary and brief residence and was divorced from Madeleine Carroll. The reason was



"Slave Girl" isn't all comedy. Here's a "whistle shot" love scene with George and Yvonne. The story, inspired by a fragment of early American history, gives Yvonne a chance to display her terpsichorean talent as the dancing chattel of a Tripoli pasha. George Brent plays the rôle of an American state department emissary.

never made public, and far be it for "Mahomet" to question the "Mountain" on a touchy subject.

"One thing's been bothering me," I said, lighting my tenth cigaret and stirring my fourth cup of coffee, "and that is—what prompted you to change your mind about the picture business and return to Hollywood?"

"I knew you'd ask that, sooner or later. Well, I didn't realize, when I first came to Hollywood, just how important films could be. The war gave me a new idea of what the motion pictures can mean in terms of international relations.

"I talked along that line of thought to a couple of friends of mine in Boston, theater owners, and they, too, claimed that the film industry occupies a place of utmost world importance. So I was reinstated on Paramount's payroll on April first, last year and, believe it or not, I actually enjoy the work I once despised."

Once more on the Pacific Coast, Sterling couldn't be so near the ocean and not own a boat, so he bought a 63-foot schooner, "The Quest." "But it's too big for the type of sailing I want to do now," he claimed, "so I've got it up for sale. It's all yours for only \$63,000."

"No, thanks," I declined, "but does this mean you're giving up sailing?"

"Not as long as there's a drop of brine in my veins. To me, sailing has always been a form of escape from reality. I'm no longer interested in being an escapist, but hope that some day I'll be able to utilize what position I may have in films toward promoting international understanding. And that means I can't go off for a year or two at sea. Sailing was once my life's main interest, but it's just a hobby, now."

Sterling said that his latest picture, "Blaze of Noon," is the type of thing he'd like to keep doing—lots of action in it, the story of the four flying MacDonald brothers, who left the gypsy-like life of barnstorming pilots for the even more tricky job of starting the first night-and-



Crowds line sidewalks to watch parade. Veronica Lake and her husband, director of the picture, Andre DeToth, ride with Mayor. Below, Tanis Chandler, Jane Withers, June Preisser, Donald Crisp, Don DeFore, Preston Foster and Tabernacle organist.

day air mail service in the U. S.

"Speaking of boats—schooners, that is," Sterling said, and he was always speaking of schooners, "I want to take a trip up to the coast of Maine before long and look around for a small one. I'll have to hire someone to sail it out here for me, though, as I can't be away from the studio that long. I might even go over to Europe and buy one. I saw some beauties in and around Hamburg that could be bought for a song."

Paramount has big plans for their prodigal son, and this reporter is willing to bet that as soon as "Blaze of Noon" hits the nation's screens, it won't be many weeks until the bobby-soxers will wonder where he's been all their lives. Sterling does not plan to chart another course on the matrimonial sea, either, which places him on the female Hollywoods' lists.

A strictly informal fellow, his off-screen activities have been confined to the schooner, where he lives when not



working. He prefers sport clothes, without neckties, for "dress," and dungarees and scivvy shirts for lounging. Never one who cared for night-clubs, he takes his dates for a sail, instead.

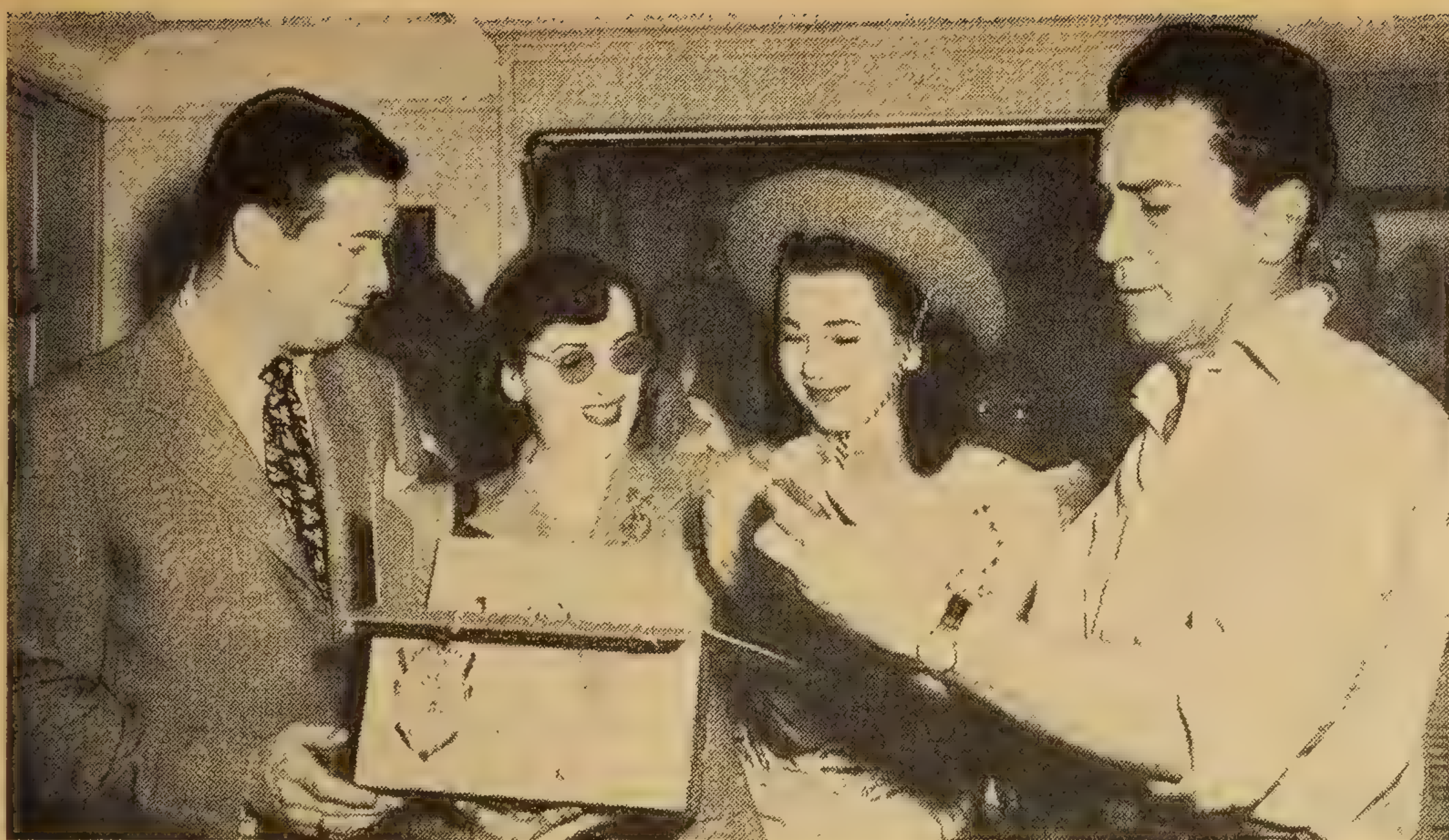
Families of almost every veteran have found that their sons' or husbands' personalities have changed as a result of wartime experiences, but there's one thing the vet knows for certain. He has no desire ever to leave the United States again. It's a new Sterling Hayden who talks like that, and who says, "I'll stay in pictures as long as they'll have me."

But what can you predict for a man who thinks salt water smells better than greasepaint?



Junketing is back in vogue. Peggy Bennion, Richard Conte, Veronica Lake, Billy De Wolf, Preston Foster, Kay Christopher, Art Linkletter, Calleen Robinson, Donald Crisp, attend "Ramrod" premiere in Salt Lake City. Right, stars of movie on special train.





Raffle on board "Ramrod" Special provides goodies to the lucky. Above, Don DeFore, Jane Withers and Richard Conte help Mrs. Armand Archard inspect the miscellaneous content of her "prize," during the trip to Salt Lake City for gala premiere of the picture.

Connie, the Colonel's Lady

Continued from page 37

calls him) and I can be together. My two script writers, Jack Dewitt and Horace Jackson, are scheduled to arrive soon, and I've invited my co-star, Brian Aherne, to attend the conferences. I suppose I've always had a secret ambition to be a lawyer, and that's just what I'll play in 'Smart Woman.'"

Jack, a dark, handsome, Air Forces pilot, wooed and won the dynamic Constance, while he was commanding officer of Van Nuys Army Air Field. They were married in June. In September, he was chosen as a member of the initial class of officers to attend the Air Command and Staff School.

Constance was right in the middle of getting the new picture organized and couldn't leave on such short notice. "I stayed on the coast for a few weeks, and in every letter John said he knew that a house or apartment would turn up somewhere. So many officers had arrived ahead of him that everything at the field was full. And nearby Montgomery was just as crowded. Finally, I wired I was coming, house or no house.

"The night he met me at the airport

he had a hotel reservation in his pocket, and we were both thankful for that. I had brought 'Miss Pru,' my French poodle, with me. We found out that there was a city ordinance in Montgomery against dogs staying in hotels, so we began to look for another place to stay. After driving miles we finally found an auto court apartment near Montgomery."

The court was quite a distance from the field, and it meant getting up before daybreak, so John could make an eight o'clock class. There weren't any cooking facilities, and in order for Constance to eat she had to drive Jack to the field every morning and then drive into Montgomery for lunch. After the week was up they moved into a room at the field's guest house, but a time limit rule allowed them only to stay for a few days.

Red and Carla Elkins, good friends of Jack's (he and Red were together during the war) had previously invited the Coulters to move in with them, so they did. "John is very fond of the Elkins

and though I had known them only a short while, they seemed like old friends to me. We didn't want to descend upon them unless it was absolutely necessary," Constance relates.

Constance, who had never spent any time in the South before, soon picked up all the customs, except the accent. "John, who had been stationed in Alabama before the war, at once introduced me to grits. And I must admit that southern fried chicken is really terrific."

Movie actresses, who become temporary citizens of the South are very rare, so wherever Constance goes a crowd follows. There are many ways she finds to return a little of the southern hospitality she receives and she does this at every opportunity. For example: The local Junior League staged a fashion show. Constance was asked to be the main attraction and she packed the local country club that afternoon. "But, remember," she told the Leaguer who asked her, "I'm proud of being Mrs. John Coulter, so please introduce me that way."

Montgomery is one of the South's biggest convention cities. When 400 Kiwanians attended a state meet, Constance was asked if she would make an appearance and appeal for the conservation of kitchen fats. "When I was asked to make the speech," says Constance, "I had just finished reading a book called 'The Case Against the Admirals,' by William Bradford Huie. It was a strong book I thought. In fact it convinced me all the more that there should be a unification of the armed forces. That's my speech, I said to myself. I'll make the appeal for the fats, but I am going to speak on the unification question."

The day of the speech arrived and Constance took her place at the speakers table. The delegates and their ladies settled back to hear the actress tell how she saved every ounce of kitchen fat. Instead she opened her speech by urging all the delegates to insist that Congress unify the armed forces. The women



Can you name these Hollywoodites? On train, their initials are A. DeT., V. L., P. F., J. McC., D. DeT., McD. C., H. R.; bottom row, P. B., K. C., D. C., J. P., R. N., T. C., R. C., J. C., and J. W. At left, A. DeT. and his wife, V. L., at premiere, a highlight of Utah Centennial.

looked rather puzzled at first, but the men didn't miss a word. "She is really terrific," one delegate said as he elbowed the man next to him, "we should make her Congresswoman from Alabama. She would put those other Congresswomen up there to shame."

When Constance said, "In order that our homes may be protected from future attack, we should unify the different branches of service," you could have heard a pin drop. She continued to speak, "This book by Huie should awaken every American to impending peril, so that a united citizenry will insist on an end to fatal inter-service conflict and demand a unified command. The command must clear the decks for an action that we must prepare to face. In this way, we will be prepared to win with all the men playing on the same team. Will you please see that your Congressmen vote for unification?" she pleaded. "And be sure and save your kitchen fats," she added. The speech brought the house down.

In between local charity appearances Constance and the colonel journeyed to nearby Atlanta to put in an appearance at the Varsity's annual charity football game and also for the southern opening of her latest picture, "Centennial Summer."

"John really got even with me on that trip," she said. "I'm always kidding him about everyone being kin to everyone else in the South. He was born in Nettleton, Miss. We've had a lot of laughs over my being such a dyed-in-the-wool Yankee and he just as dyed-in-the-wool Southerner. We were invited out to a party and who should I run into but a distant relative of mine, who was living in Atlanta. And I thought I was the only one on our family tree living below the Mason-Dixon line.

"Seriously, though, since I've been living in Alabama, I've found out that this Southern hospitality isn't an exaggeration. It's a reality. We had five weeks with Red and Carla, then finally John was notified that the barracks apartments, which had been under construction, would be ready within a few weeks. That meant a home at last.

"I had made some commitments for radio appearances in New York, so accompanied by Carla I flew to New York and then on out to Hollywood to settle a few things about the picture and get the house closed and the furniture ready for shipment to Alabama. Everything had been figured so that the furniture would arrive four days ahead of me. John's mother and my daughters, Linda and Gyl, and Miss Tanzler, who is both governess to the children and my secretary, were to arrive five days after me, so that everything would be nice and settled, by the time they arrived.

"Carla and I drove back and made it in four days. I had called John from Baton Rouge the night before to tell him what time to expect us. When I drove up to the apartment, on the dot I might add, there he sat looking about as dejected as a person could. 'Welcome home, sweetheart,' he said gloomily. Then when I stepped on the porch, I saw an empty apartment. 'I just didn't have the heart



Get a whiff of that tangy Arizona air, as "Three Were Thoroughbreds" co-stars, Marguerite Chapman and Robert Young, prance (out of step!) across the plateau!

to tell you last night,' he said, 'but the van bringing the furniture is lost.' Lost, I screamed, but how could anything as big as a van get lost between here and California? 'That I'm still trying to figure out, but I've been trying to locate it for the last four days, and lost it is.'

"Well, there was nothing to do but laugh or cry. I hate red eyes, so I went to the five and ten for a few cooking utensils and dishes, then to the post commissary and bought some food. In the meantime, John had checked out two GI cots and a neighbor loaned us one chair. A desk came with the apartment. I prepared dinner and we ate on the desk while John sat on a wooden horse the carpenters had left and I sat in the chair.

"It was too late to stop the rest of the family from leaving, so I didn't wire them, and they left by train the next morning. I sat glued to the phone until I finally got a report from the transfer company. The van had been located in Missouri. 'Missouri? It was to be shipped to Alabama, not Missouri,' I said. The agent explained that there were certain restrictions against certain lines going through certain states and the van just had to go through Missouri.

"Well, that wouldn't have been so bad if the van had only passed through Missouri, but it had broken down there. I was assured that it would proceed to Alabama as soon as a new part could be flown to Missouri. The weather was bad about that time and the plane flying the truck part to Missouri was grounded.

When it did finally get there it was the wrong part after all.

"When the family arrived, we still had no furniture. Six people just couldn't sleep on two cots and John's mother and the kiddies all had bad colds. So we moved them into an auto court and John and I commuted for meals with them. After three weeks without furniture, I received a telephone call that the truck was at last headed for Montgomery."

Constance, whose hobby is interior decorating, could be pointed out as the best anywhere. Her apartment definitely shows her talent. She found a colored cook, named Mary, who fixes Southern recipes "mighty fine," according to Mrs. Coulter.

Soon after the New Year, Warner Brothers began conferring with Constance to get her to appear in a new picture, "The Unsuspected." She wanted the part, but hated to leave the colonel and the family. Finally, arrangements were made to shoot all of her scenes in a block, and she was promised she would only be on the West Coast for six weeks.

Jack rode the train with her as far as St. Louis. The next day, after a few hours stop over, Constance and her secretary left for the coast, where she joined the picture's cast, which included Claude Rains, Hurd Hatfield, Joan Caulfield and Audrey Totter.

She made several flying trips back to Maxwell during the picture's shooting to see how Jack and the family were doing. The first week in March she returned to her Army home. But even in the Army Constance can't stay away from the drama. Maxwell Field has a Little Theater group, which in the actress' estimation is full of talent. When asked if she would help with productions she told them she'd be delighted to assist in any capacity she could.

She is a familiar figure in the Army commissary and the Post Exchange, where she is known only as Mrs. Coulter. Maxwell has just about the best Army golf course in the country and at every opportunity she takes a golf lesson. She used to shoot a 99 but was too busy during the war to keep up her game, so now she tallies around 120. By the time she finishes the series of lessons, she hopes to bring it down to an even 90.

The only hint Maxwell Field has that Constance is a Hollywood actress is the huge amount of fan mail that arrives daily. The colonel used to find his mail box overflowing, and so the field post office offered to drop it by the apartment. Constance and her secretary read them all, and the majority are answered. Some are from men still in the service, others praise her for her terrific performance as Aunt Zenia in "Centennial Summer," and others are from kids who want to crash the movies.

And after the colonel finishes his training at the Air University? "Well, the children, Miss Lonia (John's mother), Miss Tanzler, and I will return to Hollywood and I will do the picture. John is scheduled for an overseas assignment, as are most regular Army officers. But now that Army wives are permitted to join their husbands, I'll join him later. But I won't send my furniture first."

Evening in Paris

*a perfume
by*

BOURJOIS

NEW YORK



What would a Gene Kelly picture be without one of his super special dance numbers? The lovely lassie on his arm in "Living in a Big Way" is Marie McDonald.

Dancin' Man

Continued from page 29

and with the Kelly there's never a dull moment. He won't have it any other way. Life's for the living, he'll tell you, and he himself wants to get the most out of every minute.

This buzz of activity that is centered around Gene is characteristic of his personality and his pre-Hollywood background. Today he's the screen's top male dancer, and he has arrived there because all the momentum of his active youth has shot him inevitably to stardom in motion pictures. There's no holding Gene back because in addition to a terrific talent for the dance, he has the understanding necessary to back up his progress in the glitter city where dancers are a dime a dozen. In other words, as the younger set would have it, Gene is certainly hep to the world in which he revolves.

It doesn't take long for you to match your own ideas with the real Gene. He greets you like a long-lost brother, sits down to a lunch big enough for a lumberjack, and then you relax as he dwells on his favorite subjects. For a chap who detested dancing once upon a time, you'll agree that he has done well with it. He'll discuss any phase of dancing at the drop of a hat, and there are plenty of other subjects on which he is equally eloquent. Too many of us think of dancers as self-centered people without other interests,

but that's one pigeon-hole in which you can't file Gene.

Take our conversation, for example, which began right after he ordered his thick sirloin. Gene took one look at my discharge button, so then and there I expected a rehash of the war as one Lt. Gene Kelly, USNR, fought it. We're both Navy men, and members of the same outfits have a way of driving everyone else distracted with their own service talk. But not Gene! The word Navy brought to mind his immediate problem—his return to his home and all the thousand and one chores connected with it. It's torn apart, in that sort of desolation that looks as though a buzz-bomb hit it, and he can't get away from it.

"Right now," said Gene, grinning, "I'm at the plumber stage, and I've come to the conclusion that every plumber on the West Coast is an ex-Navy man. The first day they showed up at the house, I heard them yelling 'Aye, aye!' to each other, so naturally I had to ask where they had been stationed. You do it unconsciously. After we got that settled, we went into the cross-section department, and pretty soon we were all over the world, yakking about mutual acquaintances. And all this while, nothing is being done about the house.

"It's fun to hear that kind of lingo, especially when they say, 'Mr. Kelly, if

you follow that pipe from the subdeck through the starboard bulkhead and the overhead to the point where it runs aft to the head, you'll see it's all snafued.'

"Then they go back to work, and I can hear them shouting some more 'Ayes!' from the top floor to the basement, pounding the pipes and sounding very efficient about it all. You feel your plumbing system is in good hands, and you relax and go to your job at the studio.

"When you come home again, they're still 'Aye-ing' all over the place, and you hear yourself answering your wife with that same phrase. After the plumbers leave, you check the sink and find that it still leaks, but how can you get sore with ex-buddies? Anyway, they'll be around the following day and naturally the first thing you'll say to them when they ask you a question is 'Aye!'

"At the rate we're moving along, this house-remodeling job won't even get to the rough-shape stage in three or four months. After that, it'll probably be another year before we get the place into the final shape in which we really want it."

Despite the fact that others might be moaning about the unfairness of it all, Gene's comparatively happy about his living situation. He has a generous perception of existing conditions, and as long as he feels that things are progressing in the best manner possible, he's satisfied.

Professionally, he is confident because he knows exactly where he is going, and what he intends to do about it. He has a way of hitting the core of an idea with a sharp accuracy, and to prove this contention, watch closely the way he goes about presenting one of his dance routines on the screen.

He thinks as fast as he moves on the floor, and he makes you like the finished product. Personally, I doubt if he has changed one bit from the days when he was an unaffected college student in his way of thinking, and his greatest peeve then, as now, is anything that's false or phony. He doesn't hesitate to express his opinion on anything that's tired and trite.

Like every lad who is eager to get back to his civilian pursuits, Gene is brimful of personal ambition for the future in his screen and personal life. He wants very much to get his house done so that the Kelly private life can be as private as possible. He wants it to be the one place where he can retire and relax after a hard day's work. Woe to anyone who might think differently!

This last statement may give you the idea that Gene can be uncooperative from time to time, so let us clear up that possible misconception. At the studio he's Gene Kelly, under contract, and he does everything reasonable that's asked of him. If he is averse to publicity, you'd never know it, and at that you can hardly blame him if he gets a little bored answering too many of the same questions six days a week. You would, too!

He explains his attitude this way: "When I'm working," (he's in "Living in a Big Way" at the moment) "I have only one thought in mind—my job. We work from a script that is being written

Who said nothing could astonish a secretary?



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The girls weren't told the brand or name. They were simply asked to see if it gave them freedom from chafe.

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Try this luxury-comfortable, luxury-safe napkin now. *Free-Stride Modess* is on sale everywhere.

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Walk with comfort!

Move with freedom!

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from day to day, and each morning I have to go through my lines before we shoot. That's a thing that requires considerable concentration, and since I'm trying to do the very best job possible, I shut out anything else that might interfere. Gregory La Cava, who is directing the picture, is a top-drawer man, so I feel doubly strong on the fact that I've got to do my very best work for him.

"Actually, it's a difficult thing to drop out of the character you're doing on the screen to answer questions about how you first started dancing, or what's your favorite book and why. But even at that you won't catch me getting temperamental, because it's all part of the business and I'll go along with it just as well as the next guy."

Gene has well-outlined plans for the future. After "Living in a Big Way" is completed, he'll go into "The Pirate" with Judy Garland. It will be a happy reunion because, if you remember, Judy was his first screen dancing partner in "For Me and My Gal."

He has plenty of other plans, too. He'd like to do a stage play or two, preferably something like "Pal Joey," which was his passport to Hollywood, but he says, "Can you tell me when I'll find the time to go to New York?" He also wants to do some directing, at which he'll probably get the opportunity one of these days. He knows that phase of the business, since he directed shows back East.

His college training in journalism will serve him when he writes the play he has in mind. The idea has been with him for some time, and as soon as he can stash himself away with a few uninterrupted hours, he'll uncover his typewriter and go to work.

Even as you talk to him, you get the feeling that all these things are terribly important to Gene, and that eventually he'll get them all done. He chafes at the bit like a young colt because there aren't enough hours in the day for him to get all the things done in his book of the future.

It has been so long since he's been on a real vacation that he is always startled when the possibility of some free time to do as he pleases is mentioned to him. But like the little boy who can't wait for the summer holidays to come around, Gene thinks that soon he'll have three weeks off from the studio.

"My Dad has promised to come out from my hometown of Pittsburgh," he said, "and when he does, we're going trout fishing somewhere up north. I've never had a vacation since I've been in Hollywood, and I'm really looking forward to this one! Even when I went into the Navy, I was in a constant rush, and when I got back, I hardly had time enough to get my civilian clothes together before I reported to the studio. I'm not complaining, mind you; it's the way I like it. I can't stand idleness anyway."

"Come to think of it, I might even get my Dad to help me put the house in shape, but then that might not be such a good idea. We'd both be so tired we'd never get away for that fishing trip!"

We paused while Gene chatted with some studio friends he hadn't seen since

he got out of uniform, and then finally we got back to our talk. Gene was smiling as he said, "We were just rehashing an incident that happened on the set a short time after I got back to work. In the picture I'm a returned GI, and my clothes are supposed to fit very badly. Well, when I first showed up wearing that costume which was sizes too large for me, people thought the clothes were my own. In a way I couldn't blame them because I've never been considered the epitome of sartorial perfection. Friends who hadn't seen me since my 22 months in service would come up to me, give my loose-hanging clothes the quick once-over, and then say cheerfully, 'You're looking fine, Gene, but haven't you lost a little weight?'"

"When it dawned on me that everyone thought I wore sad-looking clothes like that all the time, naturally it was a blow to my ego. This went on for a couple of weeks until gradually everyone began to realize that the suit was a costume, not my own. Since then I've looked over my own wardrobe very carefully, because if I look like that, I'd better do something about it."

Originally Gene's rôle in his newest picture was listed purely as a dramatic part, with no dancing whatever, but letters from movie-goers throughout the



George Murphy finds a stowaway in his cab in "Tenth Avenue Angel." Margaret O'Brien.

nation soon changed that. They pleaded that a picture in which Gene Kelly doesn't dance is hardly fair, so the powers-that-be went into a huddle.

"So I'll dance in the picture," said Gene. "Somehow, somewhere a couple of dance routines will be fitted into the script. I don't know yet what they'll be, but I'll get the ideas from the plot and fit the dances to the action."

Gene plans his new dance routines in a number of different ways. If he isn't rushed, he likes to think about an idea for some time, building up the general outline in his mind. When it has completely jelled, he tries it out to see if it

will match the mental picture he has of it. Then he changes the parts that don't quite click with him, and eventually he shapes out the finished product.

The kind of dance he likes best, he will tell you, is what he calls "situation" dancing. The inspiration comes directly from the plot of the picture, and he builds around it. He did this type of dance in "Cover Girl."

Strangely enough, Gene thinks one of the best things he has done in Hollywood is a picture in which there was no dancing. It was a serious film entitled "Cross of Lorraine" which dealt with France at the time of the occupation. About three people saw it," he said jokingly, "but I really liked working in that film."

He has had most fun with "Anchor's Aweigh" for several reasons. "First, it gave me an inkling of how I'd look and feel in a sailor suit," he explained. "Then I met Sinatra, who became one of my best friends. And if I thought I looked odd in a gob's uniform, all I had to do was look at Sinatra, and I felt fine again!"

"Just wait until Sinatra sees that in print," Gene laughed after he thought over what he had just quipped. "The practical jokes and the kidding will start all over again. But seriously, I think he's a terrific character, especially with all that wonderful tolerance work he's doing."

You could never qualify Gene as an anti-social person, but there's one Hollywood institution he'll have no part of—night-clubbing. "Too rugged for me," he allowed. "I can't take all that bumping and pushing in noisy little rooms filled with smoke. I'd rather stay home." Which is what he usually does, because he can think of nothing that he enjoys more than an evening at home with his wife, Betsy, and his daughter, Kerry, who'll be four in October.

Saturday night at the Kelly's is usually open house, and unlike other filmland gatherings of this nature, you won't find the house filled with famous names. Being an individualist, Gene's friends are mostly writers and musicians who think much the same as he does.

Those in the know expect Gene to go great guns once again in pictures. He's a born worker, and Judy Garland once called him a "slave-driver" when it came to dancing. He's satisfied with nothing but perfection.

He's a fast and furious performer, and he wants his work in the movies to go as fast as his dancing does. He's a jumping-jack of activity, and even while he's doing one take, he's already thinking of new steps that he can use in the next.

There's one thing about movies, however, that really gets him down. Because of his ever-present desire to be on the move constantly, it irks him to have to wait so long between scenes. He itches to keep going, and he finds it hard to sit still while the technicians are preparing for the following scene.

"At least there's one consolation," he concluded. "I may never wear out from overwork, but who's to say I won't get ulcers just from waiting around?"

If we know Gene Kelly, he's going to do something about that, too. Just wait and see!

Going Away Fashions

Continued from page 53

Starting with this issue, on pages 52 and 53, SCREENLAND will feature clothes that you can buy without having to turn your wardrobe budget inside out—we picked them out because they are reasonably priced and because they are just right for summer courting and sporting. Then we got pert Martha Vickers to don the delightfuls and sit for the birdie.

Didn't have enough room on pages 52 and 53 to list all the stores that carry these clothes, but just drop a note to the manufacturers listed below and you'll get the name of the store nearest you.

Next month we're having another fashion preview only it will be bathing suits—lots of them on film lovelies that we know you'll want to have for your very own.

Striped cotton dress

Doris Dodson Garment Company
1120 Washington Ave.
St. Louis 1, Missouri

Jersey playsuit

Monroe Lloyd Ltd.
407 E. Pico Blvd.
Los Angeles 15, California

White playshoes

Wohl Shoe Company
1601 Washington Avenue
St. Louis 3, Missouri

Zip-2-Fit slacks

Ann Marie Sportswear
264 W. 35th Street
New York 1, N. Y.

White blouse

Cathy-Lee Blouses, Inc.
240 W. 35th Street
New York 1, N. Y.

Babé scarf

Baar & Beards, Inc.
15 W. 37th Street
New York 1, N. Y.

Topper

Leeds Ltd. Coats, Inc.
500 Seventh Avenue
New York 18, N. Y.

White straw hat

Lish Bros.
65 West 39th St.
New York 1, N. Y.

Off-the-shoulder date dress

Tina Leser
1410 Broadway
New York 18, N. Y.

Gabardine suit

Ciro Sportswear
530 Seventh Avenue
New York 18, N. Y.

Chatelaine and earrings

D. Lisner & Co.
303 Fifth Avenue
New York 16, N. Y.

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What man can help adoring hair that gleams with natural high-lights and shadows—sparkles with silky softness—delights with clean fragrance. Your hair-style may be moulded precision, or wind-blown abandon, it's the hair-appeal itself that matters. And more and more women of all ages are discovering that Lustre-Creme Shampoo brings out the fullest natural glory of their hair . . . quickly (no special rinse) . . . easily . . . inexpensively. Not a soap, not a liquid, Lustre-Cream Shampoo is an amazing

new dainty cream that whips up like magic in hard or soft water into mild, gentle lather that sweeps dullness away. Out of her wealth of cosmetic lore, Kay Daumit combined gentle lanolin with special secret ingredients to achieve this almost-magic new formula that leaves the hair so manageable. Say the name, Lustre-Creme Shampoo, at your department or drug store cosmetic counter.



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*The cream shampoo for
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Four ounces, \$1.00; Family 1 lb., \$3.50.

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Tradition Buster

Continued from page 55

moment worrying over her Duncan Phyfe chairs and Loewstoft china since Sonny never seemed to have mastered the Back Bay tea party technique on the few occasions they'd been able to snare him into putting in an appearance at one of these functions.

Then, too, at Philips-Exeter he'd really been something of a maverick organizing that dance band, and not just for fun either, but going after real honest to goodness engagements. Sonny played the drums and doubled as soloist and kept it up at Harvard where at one time he had five bands working and every one of them a money maker.

It was the bands, not the usual family tours, that finally got Sonny to Europe. Every summer vacation they'd ship out as orchestras on Mediterranean cruises, and once when he arrived at the pier just in time to see the boat pulling out, he signed on a freighter and worked his way home.

His father liked that. He'd always encouraged independence in all his offspring. And even on that fateful day when Sonny really kicked the Tuft's tradition sky high by announcing he was going to New York to be an actor, he didn't pull what could even be remotely described as the irate father act.

"All right, son," he agreed calmly. "Just so long as you're a good one."

"That was Dad for you," Sonny says today. "He'd long ago given up the idea of me going into banking or public utilities, the way he had. But after I began writing for the Yale Record and News when I was in college, he had sort of hoped I'd become a writer. But he didn't even mention it that day I went off to New York. And the rest of the family were swell about it, too. For though I know they would have preferred me playing *Hamlet* or singing *Tristan*, you'd never have guessed it when they all trouped to New York to see me when I finally landed a spot in 'Who's Who' on Broadway, after all the usual tribulations, of course, and afterwards went into 'Sing for Your Supper.'"

"There had never been an actor or an actress in the family, not even, as far as anyone knows, an ancestor who'd ever appeared as an amateur, but you'd never guess it from the way they've always encouraged me. Not that they're awed either by any success that's come my way, as so many non-professional families are inclined to be. They have a typical New England outlook and they're not in the least overcome by so-called Hollywood glamor. They rip apart my pictures and tear me down and I like it. There's no danger of getting conceited or losing your head with a family like that back of you.

It's just as well the family could take things in their stride. For once Sonny got the hang of it, he went right on uprooting family customs. To begin with instead of picking a bride from New England, and preferably in that three-mile radius, too, he married a girl born in California. But though in this case he did have an immediate precedent, as his father had

overlooked the home matrimonial field, too, Sonny's mother having been born in Chicago, until Barbara Dare arrived in the picture, never before had a Tufts married a girl he'd met on a blind date and a dancer to boot.

Even Sonny had been a bit leery about that blind date at first. Not from any latent stuffiness in his make-up, to be sure, just from sheer masculine caution. For he'd been around enough to know that when a girl tries to date a chap for her best friend, which was what happened in this case, said B.F. invariably turns out to be something less than easy on the eyes. Only he was wrong there. Barbara turned out to be nothing less than sensational and six months later he married the girl.

No one could have blamed the family for going in a tizzy at that moment, even though they took Barbara right into their hearts at first sight, just as Sonny had done. But with Sonny singing in the Glass Hat, the Famous Door, the Beachcombers and other New York night-clubs, it certainly would seem that marrying a girl from the theater would just about set him in the theatrical groove.

Only it didn't turn out that way at all. For it was Barbara who first cast longing eyes in the direction of Hollywood, where actors live like people, own their own homes, have time for golf and tennis and picnics and husbands and wives really have a chance to get acquainted. What's more she was the one who decided it would be a lot more fun to be just Mrs. Sonny Tufts than having a career of her own.

"Barbara is definitely the domestic type," Sonny grins proudly. "She hated rehearsals and all the other things that go with a stage career and she'd much rather cook a dish of spaghetti, and *can* she cook one, than get a dozen curtain calls. Calling her the domestic type is an understatement, at that. She's really a demon housekeeper, though get me right, she's not the Craig's Wife type who makes everybody miserable. Far from it. She loves guests to make themselves at home, and though I'm a clothes and newspaper thrower-arounder, not once has she tried to reform me. For she loves to tidy up and clean house, which certainly is a break for me.

"Even now that the maid problem has eased considerably she still doesn't have any help, simply because she likes to do things herself. She starts house-cleaning at nine in the morning and goes through the house like a breeze. Then she relaxes by sewing her own clothes, upholstering a chair or two or even making a table, for give that gal a piece of lumber and she'd give any cabinet maker a run for his money.

"Mother couldn't believe her own eyes when she was out here on a visit a short time ago and saw how Barbara dotes on domesticity. I thought I'd got awfully far from home until I saw those two getting into a huddle over some intricate dress pattern Barbara was cutting out in her sewing room and realized that it was

practically a twin to that upstairs room at home. And how they got together on the garden! It would take a better referee than me to decide whose thumb was the greener.

"But it was on Sunday afternoon when our gang came over, the way they do every week that I really felt as though I'd never left home. For it wasn't just from the first moment Mother met them that she felt as thoroughly at home with Sue and Alan Ladd, and Tess and Bill Bendix, and the others, as she did with her own friends, but after they'd gone I discovered another and even stronger bond between her and Barbara. It was just a look exchanged between them as I picked up a kitchen towel and began drying the dishes, but suddenly there I was trying to make myself sociable at one of Mother's teas back home. For when I picked up one of Barbara's pet glasses,



Jean Wallace (Mrs. Franchot Tone) and Sonny Tufts take time out from "Blaze of Noon" emoting.

she looked just as apprehensive as Mother used to when I'd make a lunge for one of her precious family tea cups. And Mother, I have to admit it, looked as if her heart was bleeding for her.

"You know it was funny then, but as I looked around that room at all those things Barbara and I had been picking up at antique shops and auctions and, yes, second-hand stores, I suddenly realized they were exactly the sort of things we had at home in Boston. And then I remembered something Bing had said at our housewarming party. At the time I thought it was just the usual Crosby gag, but now I realized the lad wasn't fooling. He'd taken one look at our maroon-colored house with its white trim and its green vines climbing up the walls and grinned. 'Boy, you're sure in one hell of a rut!' he cracked. 'You move three thousand miles out here and right into a New England farmhouse. You might as well have stood in Boston!'"

"I'm the Luckiest Man in the World"

Continued from page 41

lowing were pretty grim. Evie forgot her divorce plans for awhile. When trouble came, real trouble, that was no time to walk out on a marriage.

But the break began then, and it widened. More and more Keenan was apart from the little family group. More and more Evie and Van were thrown together. They both played a fast game of tennis; they both loved swimming and the beach. Evie loves to rumba, and Van's rumba is something to write home about. Sometimes they would sit for hours discussing the theater. When Evie would do something new to the house, Van would notice it as soon as he walked in. She'd be proud and happy, then, because every woman likes her own little touches to be appreciated. They had a lot to talk about, a lot to laugh about. Life was wonderful fun. They shared it together more and more as the days went by. And that's when they knew they were in love. For love is companionship, and sharing, and sympathy, and understanding. Love isn't just living in the same house together.

Once again, Evie decided to get a divorce. She went away to Nevada, but there were no adequate housing facilities for the children. She went to Sun Valley, but after a few days she found it was fantastically expensive. So she came back to Hollywood. Keenan had not been able to find a place to live, so—to outward appearances—they were back together. Only the three of them—Evie and Keenan and Van—knew this was not so.

Van had been a long time recognizing that the deep friendship and admiration he felt for Evie was love. Once he realized it, he wanted his family life to begin—*now*. Enough of his life had slipped by. That's when The Plan came to them. They would go to Mexico. Evie would secure her divorce there, and then they would be married. By international law, a courtesy between nations, the divorce and the marriage would be recognized. And then life could begin for the Van Johnsons.

Van must have realized the terrific repercussions that would result when the news hit Hollywood. He must have realized all the implications. But because he is honest, because he could never have had an illicit romance with Evie, because he has the simplicity which stems from such honesty, he just didn't give it a thought. His fans knew him pretty well by now. They had followed his career step by step. Either they believed in him, or they did not.

There was serious talk before Van and Evie were married. Once they had decided, Van went to his studio and told his bosses. He talked, also, to Howard Strickling, head of all Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer publicity. Howard didn't blanch. He didn't even raise an eyebrow. You see, over at Metro they have a screwy idea that the private lives of their players are private. Van Johnson, even with his billion dollar box office rating, has a right to be happy.



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Could this grim-faced man be my once gay, loving husband? What had I done to change him so? . . . Well, it seems I'd been careless in trusting to *now-and-then* care in my

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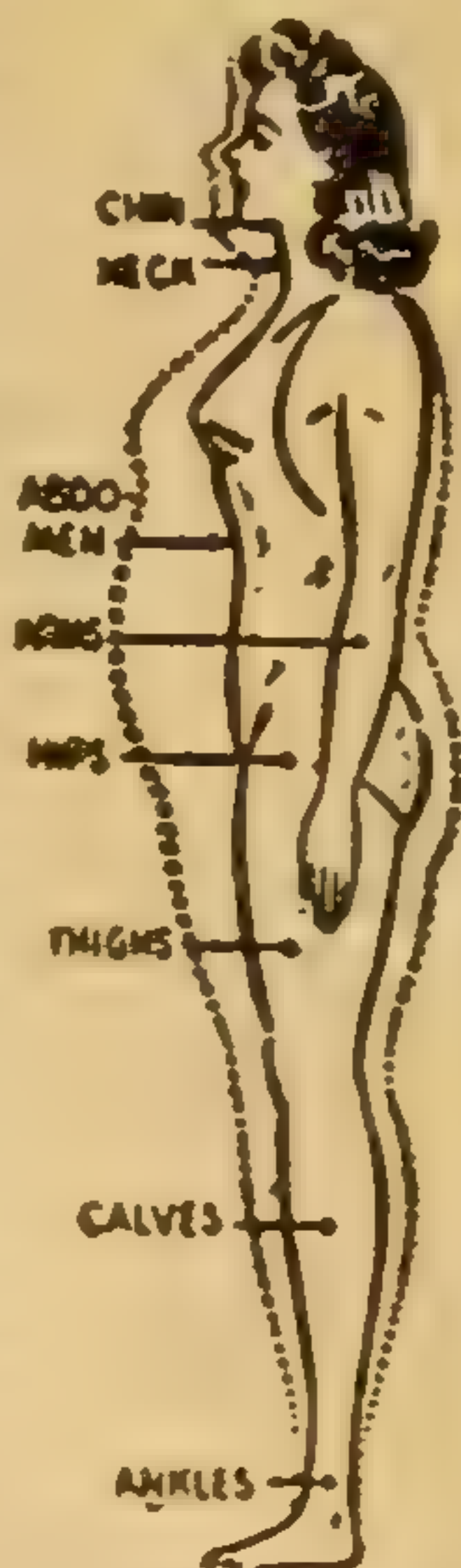
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It was pretty exciting from then on. Evie took a plane to El Paso. She was booked under her own name, but the Los Angeles' press, usually quick like a fox to scent such doings, didn't tumble. That was Friday night. On Saturday morning, in Juarez, Mexico, she secured her divorce. Van chartered a plane and left for El Paso at eight Saturday morning. In three and a half hours, he was there.

Van had on a dark blue chalk stripe suit. Evie was also in a dark blue suit, wearing a perky little hat with a veil. As they walked across the bridge that divides Mexico from the United States (Juarez is right across the border), a woman looked at Van and said to her husband, "That looks like Van Johnson!" Her husband grunted, "You and those movie stars! You're always seeing them! What would Van Johnson be doing down here?"

What, indeed? For it was an odd little ceremony. They were married in the civil court house. It wasn't a very romantic place. Mexico is still Mexico, with its unpainted houses, its dirt roads, its unglamorous poverty, its garish signs. But Van and Evie didn't need champagne and wedding cakes. They had stars in their eyes.

Afterwards, they boarded the twin-engined plane, and made the trip back in four hours. When they arrived at the airport in Burbank, California, their smiles were like nothing I have ever seen. Representatives from the studio were there, and the press, and the photographers. Evie and Van took it in their stride. Later, they went home. They wanted to spend their honeymoon in Hollywood. Van, who has wanted a home for so long, didn't want to trek off to some hotel. He's had enough of hotels to last him the rest of his life.

So that's the story, and as I went out to Van's new house I wondered how he would act. Would a wife put a damper on his usual warm-hearted greeting? Would he be honest, as always? Or would there be a wall of reserve? I needn't have worried. Van looked happier than I have ever seen him.

As we all sat there in his beautiful new home, they told me their story. Evie, with

light laughter, explained how eagerly she had awaited Van's arrival in El Paso. "I thought maybe he had changed his mind," she teased. Van looked at her proudly. "You know differently now, cookie!" Then he grinned.

Van hasn't changed. He wanted me to see the house. What a wonderful place for a honeymoon! The whole front of the house is glass, and you can look out over their swimming pool. You enter downstairs where there is a huge foyer. "I might make a projection room out of this later," said Van. "We're both so crazy about movies." Downstairs, also, is a bedroom, a dining room and the kitchen. Then you go upstairs to the living room. It's enormous, with cream-colored walls, cream-colored modernistic built-in furniture. It was originally built by Cedric Gibbons for Dolores Del Rio, and since Evie's coloring is similar to Dolores', the house might have been built for her.

I thought of how Van once wanted to own a Cape Cod type of home. This was radically different. He explained: "I used to think I'd like a shingled roof and little windows, to shut out the world. But now I want to let the world in. I want to wake up in the morning and see the sun." He looked at Evie. "And you," he added.

I liked Evie. She is direct and gracious. She can discuss anything on earth—books, music, symphony, the theater, and—Van. "He's the most wonderful person," she said, "he has a warmth about him that makes you feel secure and protected. He loves a home. It's apparent in so many little ways. He gets such a kick out of just having breakfast here, for instance. Because for years he had to go into a dining room to get it. And he's wonderful with the children; they love him. Van's a family man."

"And Keenan wasn't?" I ventured.

"Keenan's wonderful, too," said Evie, "but he wasn't meant to be married. Van was."

As I left, I looked up at Van. "What are you thinking, Van?" I asked.

He looked at me soberly, "Alyce, I'm thinking I'm the luckiest man in the world." Standing in the doorway, they waved goodbye. Then the door shut, and the honeymoon began.



The Van Johnsons, with stars in their eyes, mingle with other movie great at a Hollywood party; above, with Merle Oberon. Have you noticed hair-do's are getting shorter?

Just the Right Tone

Continued from page 57

their conduct, but with boys the only problem is to teach them to hold their liquor. That I can do, but as for telling girls about their manners and conduct with boys, I'd hate even to attempt it. Of course, when the time comes they'll probably laugh at anything I tell them because whatever your father says to you is immediately considered worthless in your mind."

"What about their school training if they won't listen to their parents?" I asked. "Do you have any definite plans?"

"If you mean have I enrolled them in my old alma mater, Lord no," he said. "The school systems will change a lot in ten years, so I have arrived at no decisions on the subject. My brother is on the Board of Trustees of the Hill School, but that's my only connection with a school now."

"It's awfully difficult to tell about teen-agers these days and what is best for them. When I used to be in N.Y. a lot, every time I went to El Morocco, I saw a little kid in a navy blue suit dancing around the place until all hours. His shoes had knotted shoe laces, broken and hastily tied together again. It turned out he was in prep school and was sneaking off each night to come to N.Y. and play. I am not knocking the kid. He was sowing his oats at twenty, which seems a better idea than waiting until you are thirty like I did."

"Well, you can show your own sons how to sow their oats at the right time," I injected into the middle of the conversation.

Franchot roared with that all-out laughter he has, and said, "Me show them! That's twenty years off. I'll be able to tell them how to do it, but I'll never be up to showing them. Of course, I could stay on the wagon for the next twenty years and go out in a blaze of glory showing my sons how to sow oats."

"I am lucky I'm not working too hard now. I have a lot of time to spend with the boys. I think it's important to let them grow up forming their own ideas and opinions. That's the way my parents raised me. The youngest one doesn't talk much, at least not enough for us to find out what's eating him, but the oldest is a real ragamuffin. His name is Pat, short for Pascal Franchot Tone. He's all extrovert and a real house-afire. I gave him several of my names, but I didn't want him to be a junior. An actor father who has a junior takes a chance, for it's terrible if the father is fading out as the boy hits it. How do I know? Maybe Pat will want to be an actor."

At this point the gracious Mr. Tone turned to me and said, "Now, don't ask me any more questions while you are eating your lunch. The food is getting cold and you'll have indigestion."

I obliged, which pleased my stomach, and proceeded to eat. Franchot I knew was a gourmet and nothing would displease his tasteful palate as much as to see food ruined. When he gives dinner parties in N.Y., he calls the restaurant first and orders the complete meal includ-

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ing the wine to be served. He absolutely adores fine food and wine and knows all about it. Some of his favorites are Petite Marmite Passe with marrow melting in it, pheasant or squab with wild rice and a tossed salad, all served with a fine claret. Dessert doesn't send him off into raves, which is the test of a real food lover. Salad dressing is much more fascinating to them than whipped cream and strawberries with nuts on top. The latter is a vulgar display, my dear.

As a matter of fact, Franchot is a perfect host whether it be to a party or a single individual. His manners are superb and that coupled with a sincere interest in pleasing the other person adds up to the ideal companion for an evening. He is not a man who must talk of himself but will listen for hours and actually be interested. The stories in his repertoire are signs of his excellent and sharp sense of humor, a bit dry but clever.

Sophistication is the outstanding keynote of his personality. There isn't a beer-and-pretzel side to this man. It's champagne and caviar, but in a completely natural way. Nothing is affected. His sophistication comes as a natural recourse from an intelligent approach to life and people, not from the frantic gestures of those who wear a cloak that doesn't fit. I am sure Franchot has always known what he wanted and how to get it. Yet, despite a manner almost continental due to such "savoir faire," he is American, but slightly more polished than most.

Franchot has just started his own production company in Hollywood. He already has a partnership deal in producing plays in N.Y. His first independent motion picture production will be made with Raphael Hakim and though he says they just have their foot in the door, it sounds very different to me, as he tells it.

"You know a funny thing happened with our first script. The story of how it was written is almost as fascinating as the movie itself. It's a mystery in which I will do a switch like Dick Powell did, and play a hard-boiled detective.

"But to get back to how this mystery was written. A professor at U.C.L.A., Roy Huggins, in the Economics Department, went to work for Lockheed during the war. He had invented a system that could be used in making statistical surveys on production. This system could figure anything out and get right to the root of the trouble. At the end of the war he called his department together and assigned them their last job, which was to figure out what he should do next. They tested his background and talents and told him the most money could be made writing mystery novels.

"The professor then retired to his ranch with a whole stack of mystery novels, studied how they were done, and then wrote several himself. Magazines picked them up immediately for his mysteries were the nearest thing to Raymond Chandler in years. One of them came to the attention of Sylvan Simon, who contracted the professor to write a movie script. He said that he had never done a script but told Sylvan Simon to get him several. He applied his system to them and after a few months, he turned in a perfect script! No changes had to

be made which is almost unheard of, and I think it's one of the best stories I have ever seen. The name of it at this point is 'Double Take.'

He continued, "We have already started our first production, a wonderful comedy by Ben Hecht. It is called 'The Mating Call' and although we may have to change the title because Howard Hughes owns it, I think it will be great. Lucille Ball is in it with me and so far the daily rushes have the whole studio rolling in the aisles."

That particular day I heard that the very pretty Mrs. Tone had been testing for a picture, and so I questioned Franchot about his feelings concerning wives working. His make sense. "Of course I want Jean to work in pictures if she wants to. It will keep her busy and give her something to do. Her house is well run and there isn't enough to occupy her time while I'm working. I certainly don't want her to do small parts. She is bigger than that."

This man who likes antiques only because he had a home that needed them said, "When I am home I like to read a lot. My tastes run to American history, books on our times and biographies. I collect theatrical books as a hobby and have a fine collection. The rest of the time I am either at the race track or puttering around the house.

"We haven't got a show place, just a California-type Georgian house," he said. "I had a beautiful place but, like a fool, sold it. One thing I like about our new house is that it's going to have a wine cellar and a laundry room in back of it under a hill. The rooms will go right into the hill, almost like a cave. It's a nice idea, isn't it? Unfortunately I have to build the darn thing myself 'cause labor is too busy to work."

"Do you mean to tell me you can build things?" I asked.

"I got started doing it during the war when you couldn't get help," Franchot answered. "Afterwards I discovered that puttering is a wonderful way to take your mind off your problems. Time flies when your hands are in sawdust and it's tough to try and worry when you're attempting to cut something down a sixteenth of an inch."

Though I didn't know Franchot was a frustrated carpenter, I had heard about his love for horses. He admits to never missing a day at the track because horses are a pretty big thing in his life.

However, to get back to this man who likes women who wear very chic clothes, who dresses better than most of the men in Hollywood and New York, who is the beau of the ball at big parties but prefers small gatherings with convivial people, Franchot is the modern exponent of the "gentleman of the old school" of yesterday. Charm and the old-fashioned thing called sex appeal ooze out of his pores. Intelligence pops out of his brain and I feel certain that, being as gallant as he is, he'd have put his coat over that mud puddle ere Sir Walter Raleigh did.

So when this definitely superior male of the species said, at the end of our interview, that he was sorry we were all through, I couldn't have agreed with him more. That, dear readers, is an understatement!

Bob Hope, Tycoon

Continued from page 31

ating is far more important," he quipped. "The last time I looked at it, it was doing fine." In case you are not a radio addict a Hooper rating is the result of a periodic survey taken throughout the country to reveal how many people listen to individual air shows. Needless to say, Bob has nothing to worry about in this department.

"But seriously, Bob," I tried again, "do you have any definite system by way of operating your various enterprises?"

"That's easy," he replied. "I hire other people to do most of my thinking for me. You can't be funny on a sound stage while worrying about whether your last picture has made the required thirty percent European gross."

This last statement, about having other people to do his thinking for him, is true only to a certain extent in Bob's case. The fact that he does have quite a staff and admits it is a tribute to his modesty, but in the long run he makes the final decisions. His use of other minds is also a tribute to his practicality, but at any rate, he doesn't mind talking about it.

"I figure the main reason why I have been with the same radio sponsors since 1938," he said, "is because I have hired a sufficient number of smart writers to work on my show. When I was still stealing money from radio sponsors and got my big break with my present radio bosses, I told myself I was not going to be caught short. I went out and hired eight of the best writers I could find. When we showed up at rehearsal together people used to ask us if we came in a chartered bus. But I didn't mind that as long as we had fewer bumps to ride over at option time."

Over a period of nine years the number of writers who have worked on his shows is beyond estimate, but Bob can also take pride in having developed some of the best scribes in Hollywood. There are at least fifteen top film writers among the alumni of his academy. Bob mulled this thought after we had made the estimate, and I could almost hear the wheels in his head clicking. But don't blame me if he starts a school for gag writers and farms the graduates out. It would be a nice little business to absorb him during his spare time, at that—if he had any spare time.

On the subject of time I asked Bob how he managed to squeeze all his activities into a normal day without knocking himself out.

"That also is simple," he said casually. "I merely keep myself relaxed. That isn't hard when you're doing the thing you like best. The only time I am ever worked up into anything even slightly resembling panic is when I go to a preview of one of my own pictures. If I had ulcers they would really take a beating at one of these first showings. I'm always disappointed and try to slip out of the theater unnoticed. Can you imagine the bad publicity that would result if I came out of the preview of one of my own comedies with a sour expression on my pan? It is accepted etiquette in Hollywood,

you know, for a comedian to laugh at his own jokes. But I can't even work up a flicker of a smile at one of my previews."

Bob's real relaxation, golf, has been too well publicized to warrant a discussion here. We will let it go, then, with the fact that he lives under the constant illusion that he shoots a better game than Bing Crosby. And for my honesty in saying so I will just avoid the Paramount lot for a couple of months after this story appears. But if Bing wants my address he can get it through the Paramount publicity office.

Getting down to figures on Bob's business activities over and above the aforementioned \$1,000,000 flier taken by Hope Enterprises, Hope Records is now spending \$25,000 to make discs of his broadcasts. Bob gave me one of the albums of his recordings made from broadcasts at various military encampments during the war. It is ironically titled, "I Never Left Home," despite the fact that Bob probably covered more territory than any other Hollywood personality to perform at far-flung Army posts. On the inside of the album he inscribed, "Please play these loud. I want to sell 'em."

Bob's publishing venture, The Hope Corporation, has put up \$25,000 to have his most recent book, "So This Is Peace," printed and distributed through Simon & Schuster. Although this endeavor could also be described as a business flier, I couldn't detect any new wrinkles in the comedian's brow from worry over its pos-

sible success. His first book brought in \$175,000, which he turned over to charity.

Bob's intake from broadcasts amounts to \$10,000 a week and this is lumped with the money he acquires from his part ownership in the Cleveland Indians and from his two-picture-a-year contract with Paramount studios. These three sources of earnings are classified as his personal income, and are taxed accordingly. The other three revenues from his business organizations are taxed as corporate earnings and allow him a slightly higher margin of "taking home" money, so to speak.

Another aspect of Hope, the tycoon, lies in the fact that he refuses to mix his personal family life with his business life. Bob feels that a big business man functions best away from home when he has a background of family tranquility. But getting the two mixed up leads to anything but peace. He encourages his wife, Dolores, and their four children, to look upon him as an average husband and father rather than as an entertainment celebrity.

This attitude is best exemplified by a story Bob told me on himself. On a recent morning Bob was conferring with one of his writers when his seven-year-old daughter, Linda, and his six-year-old son, Tony, came down to breakfast. Tony saluted his father with a, "Hello, there, Bob Hope," which brought on a parental lecture after the writer departed.

Bob admonished Tony that wisecracking was okay in the bosom of the family,

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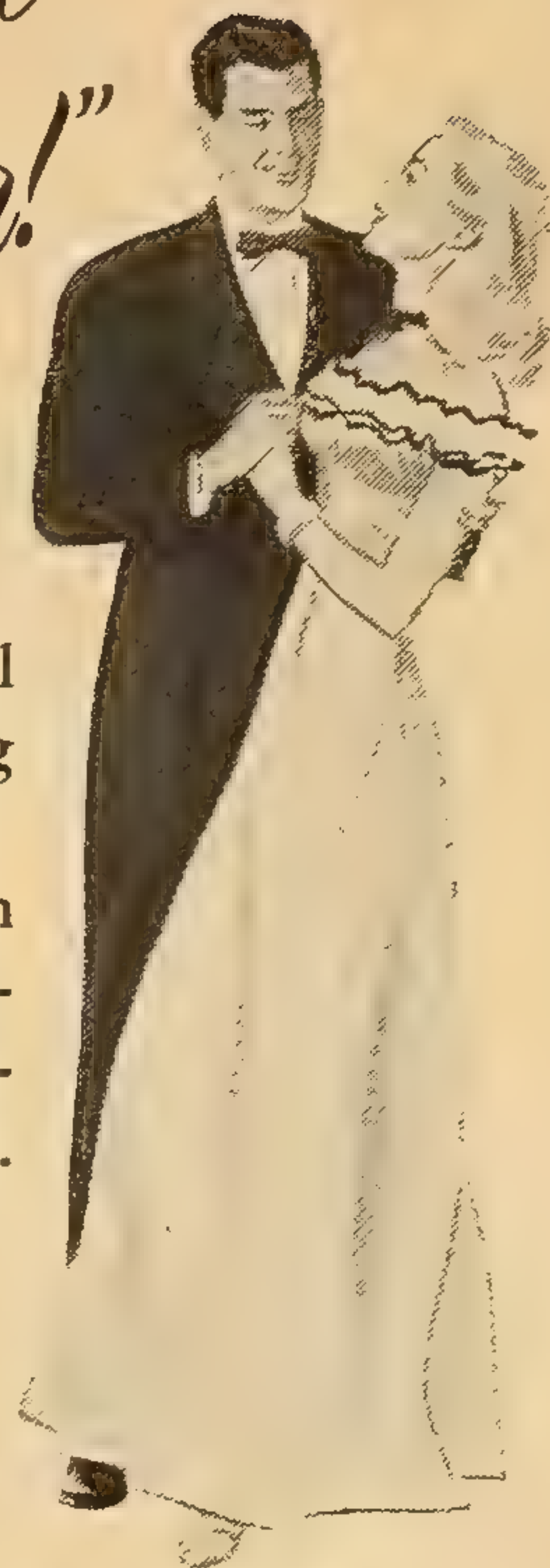
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but not while outsiders were present. Whereupon Linda piped up with childish earnestness, "We understand, daddy. You're the one who's supposed to get the laughs."

As a parent Bob takes his responsibilities as seriously as any father in Hollywood, if not more so. That he has a natural love for children is evident by the fact that he and Dolores acquired their family by adoption. One anecdote I heard about him also proves his parental fervor. When the comedian and his wife made their last trip to The Cradle in Evanston, Ill., it was for the purpose of adopting one child, but before Dolores knew about it Bob had seen another infant he liked and had signed papers for the adoption of two. The babies are Nora, aged four months, and Kelly, aged five months.

Bob's ideally happy home life is an added reason why he can persistently function in high gear as a big business man, according to him. His theory is that plenty of personal responsibility gives a man added drive. There is no question that he has shown plenty of this since 1932, when he married his wife, the former singer, Dolores Reade.

Like many another successful business man, Bob volunteers that he owes a lot of his progress to his wife. Not long before he met her, in fact, he was as low financially as a man can get.

"I had risked everything by leaving the smaller circuits and was trying to get better bookings in Chicago," said he of this period. "But it was tough going. Before long I was \$4,000 in debt, had holes in my shoes and was eating doughnuts and coffee. I met a friend one day who bought me a luncheon featuring beefsteak, and discovered I had forgotten whether you cut steak with a knife or sip it with a spoon."

This same friend helped Bob prove to himself that the doggedness he had shown in risking everything to better himself was good long range career policy in show business. The friend took him to a booker, telling the agent that Bob was a good master of ceremonies.

"I'll give you a date on Decoration Day," the booker said. "I'll pay—"

"I'll take it," Bob interrupted.

It was the kind of break Bob had been starving himself for, and before the second show the manager told him he could open in a larger theater, the Stratford, on the following Sunday. Bob went there for three days—and stayed six months. Then came tours in western vaudeville, over the old Interstate circuit, and finally, New York.

Now, armed with letters from theaters where he had played, Bob decided to storm Broadway. Bookers tried to spot him in small houses, but he haughtily rejected them, demanding centrally located theaters. The bookers were at first astonished and angry.

"Don't be angry with me," explained Bob. "I'm just not interested in playing such theaters. There's no use bothering me with such offers."

Then the bookers grew respectful. The offers increased in quality. Finally, one day Bob received an offer to play the Eighty-Sixth Street Theater. His spot on the bill—remember that spots are very

important to an actor—was next to closing. Leatrice Joy, then on a personal appearance tour, had the closing spot. Bob accepted. After the second show, offers of contracts poured in. He signed a three-year contract with the RKO circuit as a headliner. He took a test for Pathe, and still swears the test broke the company.

He was signed for the stage show, "Ballyhoo." Then came another tour in vaudeville, followed by the stage show, "Roberta." During this show Bob loaned Fred MacMurray his hat and cane to make a screen test for Paramount. Other stage shows such as "Ziegfeld Follies" and "Red, Hot and Blue" followed. The radio heard of Bob and he went on the air.

Several motion picture offers had been declined by him, until finally Paramount signed him for "The Big Broadcast of 1938," in which he scored a sensational success when he teamed with Shirley Ross to introduce the song hit, "Thanks for the Memory." Since then Bob has been starred in a series of outstanding comedies, and his own NBC radio show is a national institution. His rise to popularity on the screen and on the radio has been one of the fastest on record in Hollywood, and his personal appearance tours have broken theater records throughout the country.

Regardless of what Bob considers the prime factor in changing him from a striving gagster in the bush leagues into a big business man, then, it would appear that sheer determination got him where he is today. He has, however, an honesty which enables him to concede that other men in the entertainment business can go him one better in the handling of a dollar.

"Take Bing, for example," he told me. "The officers up at the Bank of America show me a lot of respect, but when Bing passes by, the building itself curtsies."



Barbara Bel Geddes made her début on Broadway stage eight years ago at the age of sixteen. Now she's Henry Fonda's co-star in RKO's "The Long Night," her first movie rôle.

Good Enough for Grable

Continued from page 39

leading rôles; you may have seen it. It was called, "Me and My Gal." When Dan saw it, he was heartsick because he seemed to have bogged down hopelessly in gangster rôles. "If only some good has come of that test," he sighed ruefully.

Seven years and a war later some good did come of it: The co-starring rôle opposite Betty Grable in "Mother Wore Tights," an amazing result which makes Dan Dailey worth studying. Dan was born in New York City and grew up in Baldwin, Long Island, where many show people lived during their Manhattan engagements. A natural mimic, Dan picked up a useful set of singing and dancing tricks by watching talent in rehearsal or clowning for the benefit of fellow performers.

He made his first professional appearance at six, with a minstrel show in Providence, Rhode Island, and, according to Dan, "That did it. The first time I heard applause, I was like a lion getting his first taste of raw meat. Afterward I knew I had to have that in my diet."

Dan's father, traditionally, couldn't see it that way. He wanted Dan to study hard, attend to his mathematics, and eventually go into the hotel business. (Currently, Dan's father is manager of the Hotel Roosevelt in New York City, a fact of intense interest to Dan's friends during the Great Room Famine of the war years.) Try as he would, Dan could develop no fever over the depreciation rate of hotel linen, nor the replacement frequency of hotel silver. In his mind's ear he kept hearing the tantalizing rhythm of ballet arrangements. So when he was fifteen, he packed a small suitcase and went to New York City where he had friends who rented him a room. He felt as isolated as Robinson Crusoe and as daring as De Soto, but he thinks nowadays that the friends with whom he was staying were in constant touch with his family.

That first job, in a vaudeville act, was easy to get, and for awhile life was rosy. However, times were changing; movies were replacing vaudeville, and split weeks were replacing the full schedule to which Dan had aspired. There came a day when he emptied his pockets while studying a booking board to match. Resourcefully, he called upon an Irish girl friend who worked in the personnel office of a huge department store. On the theory that he was a dancer, hence would take an interest in the city's foot problems, she sent him to the shoe department.

For the first time in his life, Dan met up head on—beg pardon, worst foot forward—with that wearisome institution, the lady shopper. After having waited upon a woman with a size 7 foot, who insisted upon cramming her screaming toes into a size 4 shoe, and after having dragged out forty-five pairs of shoes for a woman who eventually sighed blissfully and said she was now rested and must hurry along, thank you so much, Dan returned to the personnel office with a frantic demand, "Get me out of this be-

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fore I commit murder. Murder, I said."

His sympathetic girl friend sent him to
the interior decorating shop which was
suffering a lull. This state of affairs al-
lowed Dan to spend at least an hour a
day in the stock room, practicing dance
steps, an activity which demoralized oth-
er employees who managed to sneak away
from their jobs to watch the extempo-
raneous floor show. Before he had a
chance to change the decor of the Amer-
ican home, Dan was offered another vau-
deville booking — which lasted quick.
While he was "at liberty" after this
fiasco, he did intensive research on de-
pression food prices. Salient discovery
was a shop serving an extra large Jumbo
Malt for five cents, and a Sixth Avenue
restaurant serving bread and beans for
nine cents. During more weeks than his
stomach cares to remember, Dan lived
on malts for luncheon, bread and beans
for dinner. Grub stake: fourteen cents
per day.

When he had no place to sleep, he
made it a practice to call upon the two
night clerks at the Hotel Roosevelt, loyal
friends of Dan's father. These gentlemen
always seemed to be able to find a spare
bed, awakening Dan the next morning
before his father came to work. Dan has
never discussed it with his father, but he
is reasonably sure that a full report was
rendered.

New York was not the only city in
which Dan found his pockets full of
plenty o' nuthin'. He and five friends
were once stranded in Chicago for six
weeks. However, Dan had relatives who
gave a dinner party in his honor and that
of his friends. The boys made themselves
so agreeable, outdoing themselves in wit
and charm to the extent that they were
invited to various homes for dinner the
following night. This went on for 42
nights. Nowadays, Dan says that he
knows every possible dignified way to get
himself invited out for dinner, plus a few
methods not so subtle. He is glad that
he will never have to use them again.

When Dan returned to New York he
got his first real break in "Babes in
Arms," which ran for a rib-padding year
on Broadway. When that show closed
he spent the summer on the Borcht Cir-
cuit, then returned to New York for a
featured spot in Dwight Deere Wiman's
"Stars in Your Eyes." When this show
closed, he returned to the Borcht Cir-
cuit, then was cast as the juvenile lead
in "I Married an Angel," a show which
brought him to Hollywood, a screen test,
and a Metro contract.

At Culver City, Dan worked in "The
Mortal Storm," "Dulcy," "Ziegfeld Girl,"
"Lady Be Good," "Panama Hattie," and
"Sunday Punch." In not one of these
was his singing-dancing talent used.
Then, just when he was to make "Me
and My Gal," he received Those Greet-
ings from the man with the high hat and
the long beard.

Because Dan had grown up on Long
Island where people play polo on vacant
lots just as they wage baseball wars on
sandlots elsewhere in America, Dan had
always been around horses, so he chose
Cavalry as his branch of service. Some
of his stories about positive old colonels
who were convinced that the jeep was

a temporary insanity, but that the horse
was here to stay, are delightful. Al-
though the playing of polo on Army
Posts was outlawed during the war, there
always seemed to be a Cavalry maneu-
ver, involving mallets and balls, going on
in some obscure field. Commanding Offi-
cers tactfully avoided the area. Dan was
working up to a high goal rating when
he was offered a chance to transfer to the
88th Infantry Division, which meant
overseas duty. So Dan grabbed it.

Now, let's go back a bit. While Dan
was still living in Hollywood and shoot-
ing his way through pictures as a gang-
ster, he usually spent Sunday attending
the horse show given by a local riding
academy. Into the ring one spring after-
noon rode a slim, competent equestrienne
with shining golden hair. Dan caught his
breath and made inquiry. He was consid-
erably dashed to learn that she was just
past fifteen. Her name was Elizabeth
Hofert. Accepting big brother status, he
made friends with her, went horseback
riding with her, and established a
noble record for giving her good advice
about her teenster romantic problems. He
met, admired, and won the approval of
Elizabeth's family. And all the time,
every day, she was growing older.

Then Dan was inducted. All during
his boot camp training he and Elizabeth
corresponded frequently. "Frequently" is
scarcely the word since the postal clerks
at the base threatened mutiny unless
Dan promised skin grafts for fingers they
had lacerated sorting his mail.

He was graduated from OCS with a
pair of shiny gold bars in December,
1942, and came to California on Christ-
mas leave. Elizabeth, then just past
eighteen said "Yes," so they were mar-
ried on Christmas Day.

When the European war ended, Dan
was forty-five kilometers from Trieste,
wondering what on earth had happened
to all the letters he had been missing
from his wife. He had no way of know-
ing it, of course, but she was equally
frantic about him. He was in the midst
of penning a sad, sad list of grievances
when he was summoned by the Colonel.
Some bright character, in thumbing
through the personnel files, had noted
Dan's former occupation. "Just your
man," the Colonel was told.

He explained to Dan that, with the
war over, a serious problem of morale
had arisen. He thought that the thing to
combat boredom, restlessness, war nerves,
and impatience to get home would be a
variety show: something lavish, spectac-
ular, "just like the best one sees on
Broadway," the Colonel said. "In about
fifteen days."

Dan swallowed once, very hard, before
he said, "Yes, sir." Fifteen days in which
to snag a glistening idea, commit it to
paper in the form of skits, dialogue, and
gags, to entertain for 2½ hours; fifteen
days in which to secure talent, train it,
and amass props, a theater and scenery.

Dan made one request of the Colonel.
"Could I have John Hubbard to assist
me?" Request granted. Sergeant John
Hubbard, incidentally, was the only other
G.I. in the vicinity with a show business
background. So Dan took over the local
opera house, assembled a staff, and bil-
leted them in the opera house dressing

rooms. Each entertainer he discovered knew someone else who had been in show business, so the 88th Division "Low Point Revue" turned out to be a tremendous hit—and its première was held exactly fifteen days after Dan's talk with the Colonel.

Afterward, under Dan's supervision, the show moved to other sectors to entertain outfits as war weary as the 88th. Meanwhile, the opera house was not dark. Dan collected an Italian opera company and presented "Barber of Seville," "Traviata," "Il Trovatore," and "Carmen."

Dan landed in New York in May, 1946, and—like all overseas veterans—was guarding his safety with the care of a man juggling diamonds over a manhole. He had read too many stories about buzz-boys who had amassed two thousand combat hours over Germany, coming home, tripping over a shoelace and breaking their necks. He was, he promised himself, going to get back to Elizabeth in one triumphant, adoring hunk of whole man. When he and perhaps forty others were loaded on a stake-sided truck, at the dock, to be transported to Camp Kilmer, New Jersey, Dan thought, "This truck is overloaded. The least little thing could flip it like a pancake."

Studying the situation, he made his decision: In case the truck hurtled on his side of the vehicle, he would start to roll the instant he hit the dirt. One block from the dock, the truck swung around a corner, making a right-hand turn, and slowly swung sideways, then rolled over. Dan unravelled like a top, spinning out of the way as the heavy body crashed down. He was the only man, standing on the down side of the truck, who was unhurt. One man was killed, and eight or ten were hospitalized with broken bones.

Having been discharged, Dan considered the advisability of hopping a plane for Burbank. On the side of planing instead of training was speed of arrival. He was in an overwhelming rush to take Elizabeth in his arms. Although he sat in the back with the rest of the passengers, Dan flew that plane every inch of the way to Los Angeles. When they arrived the field was fogged in, and they had to circle until the buttermilk lifted

to five hundred feet. At the end of a timeless time, they slowly eased to the ground, the plane's landing gear feeling its way like the claws of a bird. When the plane taxied up to the terminal, Dan was drenched with perspiration and his knees were so weak that he doubted their ability to take him down the steps and across the apron to the barrier where Elizabeth was waiting.

Currently, Dan and Elizabeth are living in a small apartment in the Wilshire district. As soon as materials are available, and the homeless have been housed, they plan to build a rancho in San Fernando Valley. Much of their spare time is spent with pencil and ruler in hand as they design rooms and the layout of the grounds. Behind the house they intend to locate a swimming pool. Behind that, a riding ring will be laid out, and behind that will be the stables. The Daileys now own two thoroughbred saddle horses, which are boarded at a Valley riding academy, and which Dan and Elizabeth ride almost each evening, and all day Sunday.

As soon as "Mother Wore Tights" is finished, Dan and Elizabeth plan to take the Chief to New York for a visit with Dan's parents. As you may remember, Dan has always been known as Dan Dailey, Jr., but when he signed with 20th Century-Fox, it was decided to drop the "Jr." because of marquee and other difficulties.

Dan was afraid that his father would be considerably disappointed. However, nothing was said in any of the parent's letters. At Christmas time, Dan and Elizabeth studied the card which accompanied their gift, and chuckled in appreciation. "To our beloved son and daughter, from Mr. and Mrs. Dan Dailey, Sr." it read.

Not only is Dan contented with his present employment, life, and general plans, but he has a project for the future. He would like to play the rollicking Irish gambler in "The Foxes of Harrow." As the picture rights of this best seller are owned by 20th Century-Fox, there is every chance that his ambition will be realized. Whether he is cast in this picture or not, you may count upon one thing: Dan Dailey is going to be one of the twenty top names among motion picture leading men from 1947 on—indeinitely. That's a promise, son.

Meet John Mills

Continued from page 46

That's because he has worked so hard and painstakingly at his job of acting, never too proud to learn or too arrogant to take advice.

Johnny hasn't got a showy, dazzling personality. He's not one of those actors like James Mason who blaze so dynamically across the screen. Johnny's performances are built up from a multitude of tiny details thoughtfully observed and carefully reproduced. Nothing is too much trouble for him to try if it helps his work, no movement or accent too small to be rehearsed until it comes close to perfection. When he's making a film, he frets every inch of the way, to make

sure he is giving of his best, and puts so much intensive nervous energy into his acting he is almost on the point of physical collapse when he's finished a particularly emotional sequence. Yet he appears so easy and natural on the screen you'd never guess he suffers this mental stress while the cameras are turning. Though he's made nearly twenty movies now, nothing seems able to cure him of this preliminary inward turmoil. It's the instinctive reaction of a sensitive and conscientious character—"artistic temperament" in the real sense of the term.

Johnny was born in Suffolk in February, 1908. He ran away from school to

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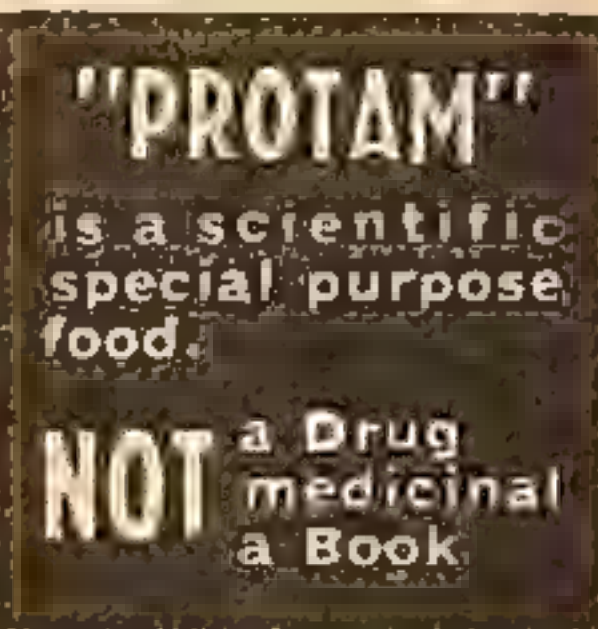
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become an actor and got into the chorus of a London musical show. Then, for three years he played all kinds of tiny parts in unimportant stage productions until he found himself sailing for India with a small-time drama company. During a one-night stand in Colombo, Noel Coward looked into the tiny theater while he was waiting for a homeward boat and noticed Johnny's performance.

That was the turning-point of Johnny's career. Back in London months later, Coward sent for him and gave him his first leading part in the new revue which C. B. Cochran was presenting in the West End. Then Johnny was established and a film test soon came along as a matter of course. He had a rôle in "Good-bye, Mr. Chips" under Sam Wood's direction and then in "The Young Mr. Pitt" and received several offers from Hollywood.

But that was the summer of 1939 and war broke out in Britain. By the end of the year Johnny was wearing khaki uniform in the Royal Engineers, and characteristically running a vaudeville show for his men in his spare time. Wounded in action, he was honorably discharged in 1941 and then Noel Coward who has always been so closely connected with the Mills career, offered him one of the star parts in his new film, "In Which We Serve." Noel also chanced to introduce Johnny to blonde Mary Hayley-Bell, a young stage actress who was trying to write plays. Johnny helped her with the technical directions and then married her. He has often declared since, it was the wisest thing he ever did.

For Mary, calm and capable and essentially understanding, is just the kind of wife Johnny needs. She gives him sympathetic support and self-confidence, dispersing those moods of jitters which he gets whenever he starts on a new film, when he's almost inclined to withdraw because he isn't certain he can do his part full justice. She says that when she sees Johnny come home with the script under his arm and his forehead furrowed, she immediately informs him she is in trouble with her latest play, and will he please come and help her with it at once? Then he gets so immersed in the writing, his own apprehensions pass out of his mind, and when they do return later on, Mary is ready with her practical, commonsense advice to straighten his problems out in turn.

That's how she came to finish her play, "Duet for Two Hands," in which Johnny appeared in London. He was as enthusiastic as Mary when it secured Broadway production, too, so excited at its reception he quite forgot to agonize in anticipation of his current film, "October Man." When that's finished this summer, the Millses will come to America again to stay for several months, for Johnny is the latest British star to be lent to Hollywood for a film with American players under J. Arthur Rank's "lend-lease" scheme. He is due to start work in California this fall.

Since he got married, he has made another British film for Noel Coward, "This Happy Breed," and played in "Johnny in the Clouds," and as *Pip* in "Great Expectations," the movie of Charles Dickens' classic novel. This was a

costume part and Johnny didn't like it very much, for he's so essentially a modern young Englishman he doesn't feel at ease in satins and lace neckwear. But his latest film has delighted him. "It really was an honor to be chosen for the part," he says and means it because this picture is being made jointly by the Rank Organization and RKO and so enjoys the much envied distinction of being the first British film to have a complete first-class release in America.

It is based on James Hilton's tender story, "So Well Remembered," and Johnny appears as the proprietor of an English small-town newspaper, first as a young man and then steadily adding the years until he becomes a grandfather. It's produced by Hollywood's Adrian Scott and directed by Edward Dmytryk who brought over his own technicians who had worked with him on "Till the End of Time" and "Tender Comrade." Martha Scott postponed a Broadway show in order to come across and play the heroine *Olivia* while young and promising Richard Carlson was another importation from California, cast as *Charles Winslow*, an air-pilot, just after his own release from the U.S. Navy.

Since they all play golf, Johnny was able to give some sporting parties at his home on Sundays, for Mary and he have a spacious modern house which adjoins the Denham Course, just across the fields from the studios. Johnny enjoys all open-air games, including tennis and cricket and boxing. He once appeared in a film called "Waterloo Road," with Stewart Granger, in which the script demanded them to have a terrific fight. Since Stewart's keenly athletic, too, they dispensed with stand-ins and had a glorious afternoon together.

Johnny finds Sunday relaxation in his garden also, invariably scything the grass and pruning the fruit trees in the orchard himself. Operations are frequently complicated by his lively wire-haired terrier, Becky, and Mary's golden cocker. Ham-

let, and five-year-old daughter Jacqueline who is always called "Bunch." She's an exceptionally pretty child with long ash-blond hair, highly photogenic, and a born mimic, and already determined to become an actress! Immediately she was introduced to Adrian Scott, she demanded to be allowed to "do something nice" in the new film with her father. Impressed by her delightful personality, Scott altered a juvenile character to fit her so now "Bunch" makes her screen debut with Johnny, whom she so strongly resembles.

"Bunch" insists that her parents take her to the movies with them at least once a week, though naturally they won't permit her to watch the gangster films which are Johnny's especial favorites. He will travel miles to see James Cagney or Humphrey Bogart in action. But it needs a firm invitation from Mr. Rank to make him attend the première of one of his own films. Having been captured, he sits there in a dim haze, unaware of anything, quite unable to judge the effect of his own acting and only prevented from running out of the theater by Mary, sitting beside him and tightly clasping his hand. When that enthusiastic movie-goer, Queen Mary, once complimented him on his performance, Johnny swallowed hard and then gasped, "I'm glad, Your Majesty, because I really tried my best."

Grandest thing about Johnny on the screen is that his best is still improving. He admits he learnt a great deal from making "So Well Remembered," and looks forward to his Hollywood film because he feels there will be more opportunities for study there. And it's certain Hollywood will be pleased to meet this cheerful bright-eyed actor, who always says, "thank you very much for coming," to the newspaper reporters, and who quietly maintains it must be obvious the director knows best, otherwise he wouldn't have that job. For Johnny's the kind of guy who grows upon you. The more you see of him the more you like him, on the screen and off it, too.



John Mills, new British favorite soon to be seen in "October Man" and "So Well Remembered," helps his successful playwright wife, Mary Hayley Bell, with her script.

Fred Robbins Right Off the Record

Continued from page 33

your ear with lush wax and makes you glad you've got that hearing flap. Dig these tunes—"I'm Sorry I Made You Cry," "I Concentrate on You," "How Deep Is the Ocean," "That Old Black Magic," "Over the Rainbow," "All the Things You Are," "She's Funny That Way," and "Embraceable You." Better lay in a goodly supply of smellin' salts. Whatta set of tonsils! What an album! (Columbia C 124)

JOHNNY MERCER: "I Do, Do, Do Like You," "Movie Tonight." The Georgia Cracker on the lacquer! Pip of a calypso that's very cacciatore. Chirps J.M.—"I don't like meat, spinach I don't like, too—I don't like anything that's good for me, but I do, do, do like you." And there's an ad lib about Carmen Lombardo that'll floor you—"Hey, Carmen, get the flashlight—I cannot find the melody." Flip is a nice hunk of bounce anent the great American pastime—"Movie Tonight"—which one shall it be? SCREENLAND's full of such G-2. (Capitol)

CHARLEY SPIVAK: "Let's Go Home," "Stomping Room Only." Coupla jump tunes by Papa Charley—member "Let's Go Home"? He waxed it once before for Okeh but try and get it on that label. Nice to dig it again. "Stomping Room Only" was Henry Busse's trademark and C.S. does most righteously by it. (Victor)

MEL TORME: "I'm Yours," "Who Cares What People Say." This is the kid with the voice like a velvet fog whose enchantin' chantin' is the greatest thing since kissin'. No woofin'—Mel gets under your skin and puts velvet between your vertebrae. Phrasing that's amazing! "I'm Yours" is the old standard and it's bliss, Sis. Turn Torme over on his tummy for that gorgeous melody from the picture about the gal who wouldn't stop gnashing her fangs—you know, "Nora Prentiss." From the way he treads on our sound flap we'd say Mel Torme can't miss being the biggest thing since Nancy's Daddy. (Musicraft)

MARGARET WHITING: "Guilty," "Oh, But I Do." Maggie does right by her late Dad, Dick Whiting, who left us some wonderful songs, among 'em "Guilty." She wraps her lungs around it with tender affection and feeling. He'd be proud of her if he could hear it, and who knows, maybe he can, it's that heavenly. Reverse is from "The Time, the Place and the Girl," and the one you've been catching on the Hit Parade so much. M-m-m. (Capitol)

GENE KRUPA: "Opus One," "Valse Triste." Come on, latch on and jump—hey, hey, hey! Lung exercise by Anita O'Day with Genie with the light brown drumsticks. And how it rocks! Comes on like the Hound of the Baskervilles! Try and keep your ankle bone quiet to this riot. T'other cheek is a kid named Sibelius' "Valse Triste," and 'tis anything but sad, lad. Real powerhouse rock, Doc. (Columbia)

GORDON MACRAE: "Oh, But I Do," "Flattery Will Get You Nowhere," "Heartaches," "If I Had My Life to Live

Over." Here's the star of the Teentimers Club program—which you dig every Saturday at 11:00 in the early bright on NBC, and which yours truly announces. Gordie's a combination of Haymes and Como, and that's not celery and olives. Young, oh-so-hubba and a big future—they're all Mac's—these'll show you why. (Musicraft and Appolo)

BENNY GOODMAN: "Lonely Moments," "Whistler's Blues," "It Takes Time," "Moon-Faced, Starry-Eyed." These're Rachel's Pop's first biscuits for Capitol but something went wrong with the recipe 'cause for a guy with the genius of B.G. they're inauspicious and quite nowhere—nothin' happens. First two are by Mary Lou Williams and all that's tasty is the Goodman woodwind. Johnny Mercer lifts his lungs on the last two wafers but does much better on his own, Jonesy. Come on, Benny—get with it! (Capitol)

LIONEL HAMPTON: "Robbins in Your Hair," "Blow-Top Blues." Those "Robbins" in your locks refer to this taxpayer—Lionel doing this cookie as a tribute and a very thrilling one. Oodles of those golden pipes, on which Hamp is so great, and a fine beat augments the stuff in your hair with a mound of sound in your ears. Thanks scads, Hamp! Dinah Washington is the chick who's blowin' her top on the back. (Decca)

DICK HAYMES: "Easy to Love," "The Girl That I Marry." Open that mouth, Richard! And how this kid does. And how tranquil the stuff that comes out. This guy sings right from his toes—his mama taught him, you know—she must be proud for sure. First side 'specially should be tried on your larynx to give you an idea of how tough it is to sing, but F.O.B. Haymes it flows like honey. (Decca)

HARRY JAMES: "You'll Never Know," "Keb-Lah." Mr. James on the flames! And Betty's boy horns in with a versatile cookie. First side shows the soft and relaxed facet of H. J., but turn it over and off he goes on a right bright flight with Willie Smith on alto sax and Juan Tizol on trombone. A brisk disc! (Columbia)

ELLA FITZGERALD: "Guilty," "Sentimental Journey." Oh, that Ella! That epiglottis has got us! When this gal sings it's like the wind in the willow trees. Wait till your ear comes to grips with this. Yummy! (Decca)

STAN KENTON: "Concerto to End All Concertos." Another biscuit in Stan's series of "Progressive Jazz" waxings, this 'un is a two sider and shows the great Kenton Krew at its best. This gang sends you home and drops you on the front porch. Catch Vido Musso on tenor, Eddie Safranski on bass, Boots Mussulli on alto, Ray Wetzel on trumpet and Mr. Kenton fermentin' on piano. Stuff is murderistic, futuristic and hard! (Capitol)

DORIS DAY: "It Takes Time," "Pete." Doris' first cookie for Columbia as a solo artist—and what an enticing slicing! Kid puts her teeth in her mouth

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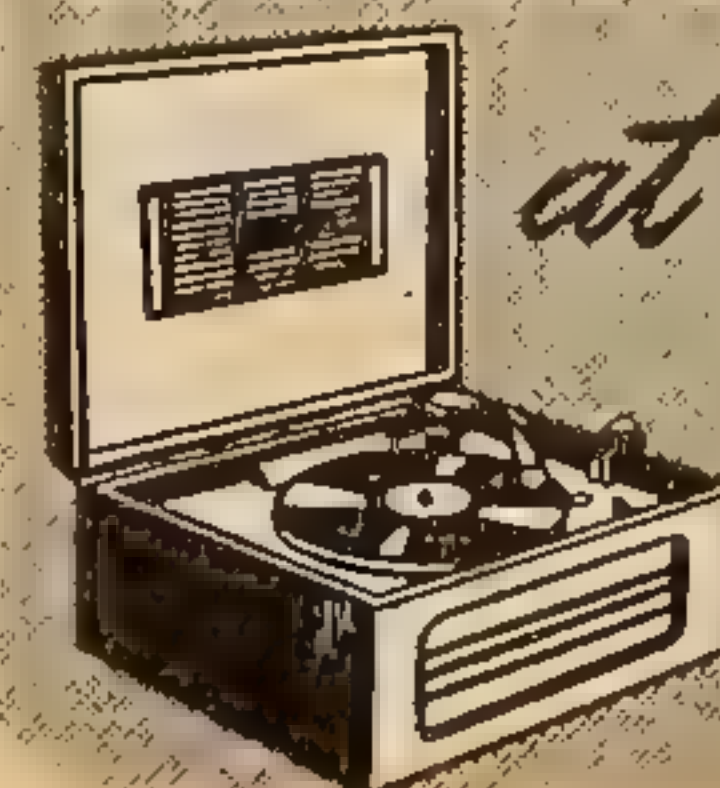
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and chirps like lark. "It takes time from the first smile to that waltz down the aisle," she chants—but t'won't take much of that stuff till Doris becomes one of the leading canaries in the Eagle's Nest, U. S. (Columbia)

HOT!

DAVE LAMBERT AND BUDDY STEWART WITH RED RODNEY'S BE-BOPPERS: "Gussie G.," "Perdido." "Gussie" is the side. Scattin' au gratin! Buddy and Dave spellbind you with this vocal be-bop—catchy and thrilling. Red Rodney's horn is fine-clipped and clean all the way, May. On the back the guys put Duke Ellington's "Perdido" through the same reet treatment. Split my bananas and call me Chiquita! This'll getcha! (Keynote)

LOUIS ARMSTRONG: "Mahogany Hall Stomp," "Do You Know What It Means to Miss New Orleans?" These two are from Satchmo's flicker, "New Orleans." First is the jazz classic which Pops did years ago with the hot five. Lotsa nostalgia hearing this done again in 1947 by the same great Louis and a famous group. L.A. proves he's still the greatest—on both cheeks he highlights the record. (Victor)

DUKE ELLINGTON: "Happy Go Lucky Local." Edward Kennedy chose one of his most exciting concert pieces for his Musicraft date but didn't quite capture the spark we caught when digging it live. Regardless, new Ellingtonia, Sonya, is always refreshing, 'specially amidst the mess of mediocrity these days. (Musicraft)

ART HODES BACKROOM BOYS: "M.K. Blues," "Jug-Head Boogie." Ah—here's that mellow Max Kaminsky trumpet in some sensitive blue stuff with excellent support by Art Hodes on the box (piano), Jimmy Shirley on guitar and Israel Crosby on bass. Sandy Williams falls in on the flip to suffuse you with some fat boogie woogie, which'll send you like air mail. There're two more sides, too—"Low Down Blues," with some of the guttiest trombone you ever absorbed, by Sandy Williams, and "Back Room Blues," with the spotlight on some mellow indigo box of Art Hodes. These'll tuck you in a blanket of blue. (Blue Note)

METRONOME ALL STAR BAND WITH FRANK SINATRA, NAT COLE AND JUNE CHRISTY: "Sweet Lorraine," "Nat Meets June." It's a kick hearing Nancy's Daddy with a jazz group behind him and these are the winners of the All-Star awards, namely and to wit—Nat Cole on piano, Harry Cerney, baritone sax, Johnny Hodges, alto sax, Charley Shavers, trumpet, and Buddy Rich, drums. Frank loosens his lungs about the chick with "a pair of eyes that are bluer than the summer skies" and proves he has a gang of jazz feeling. Turn it over and Nat "King" Cole, he of the "gleesome threesome," shares a blues vocal with that airy canary, June Christy, then the All Stars get off and go like mad. (Columbia)

"T-BONE WALKER": "T-Bone Blues." There's a mess of blues singers on the scene today, May, *mais* one of the better known is Mr. "T-Bone Walker."

Guy puts down three minutes of blue tonsils and guitar that are as fine as wine. Les Hite's gang back him up. T'other face carries a subtle and finely integrated duet 'tween Jimmy Shirley on guitar and Oscar Smith on bass—"Jimmy's Blues." Righteous! (Blue Note)

DATA ON THISA AND THATA:

Bing's out hunting. Those Wednesday night shows you been diggin' are transcribed. The owner of the Pittsburgh Pirates cuts a flock of 'em and then makes for the woods. . . Laurence Olivier's gonna record "Henry V" for Victor. He'll do it in London and they'll press it over here. . . Ronnie Como, Perry's son, is getting dragged with his old man's publicity. Each time a picture of him and Pop is published his classmates tease the dickens out of him. . . The Fabulous One, T.D., has copped himself a new 40-foot yacht with a ship-to-shore phone. Had himself a ball calling all his friends from those warm southern waters recently. The dirt is he'll be reorganizing his band before long. . . Hey, now! Errol Flynn has done a record album for Columbia, "The Three Musketeers." The sword-totin' rascal makes his wax debut as the young rookie Musketeer, *D'Artagnan*. . . One of the biggest problems in making Frankie's new flicker, "It Happened in Brooklyn," were the curious crowds interfering with the shooting. So just what parts of the garden city were being used were kept very hushy. An alert Bklyn. cop saved one day's work when a mob gathered on the Bklyn. Bridge while the cameras were getting Nancy's Daddy with local color background. He got rid of 'em this way—"Be on your way, folks. Come on, beat it. It's nothing. Just some jerk trying to commit suicide."

Well, there's no more time to chin, Min, so guess we'll pack our shellac and hit the track. If any question is buzzing around that pretty cranium, my little geranium, about cookies or the people who make the fetching etchings, knock us a hunk of linen via the Uncle's man in gray and we'll try and put you at ease, Louise. Better pick up on this pulp next month, or we'll beat you to one with our little beanbag. Till then—take it slow!

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Like Fred's department? We thought you would. Maybe you'd like to know more about this personality kid of the radio recording programs. He's just 27, former Baltimore boy admitted to the Maryland bar at 21, gave up the law to take an announcing job. Today, he announces the Columbia Record Shop air show on 500 stations from coast to coast, the Teentimers Club program every Saturday morning at eleven on NBC, conducts the "1280 Club" program of popular recordings (WOV, Manhattan) to the vast entertainment of appreciative record fans. Lionel Hampton recently wrote and dedicated "Robbins in Your Hair" to Fred. You'll note, in last paragraph above, Fred Robbins invites you readers to write in and ask him questions. So why not? Write in to Fred Robbins, care SCREENLAND, 37 West 57th St., New York 19, N. Y., and he will answer, in this magazine, the letters he considers of most general interest to record fans.

What Hollywood Has Taught Guy Madison

Continued from page 49

father and his older brother built the adobe house where my family still lives, doing every bit of it themselves. I don't count on duplicating that record, but in every man there is a deep, primitive urge toward a home he can call his own. I aim to build mine in early California style, in U-shape around a flagstone patio. The roof will be brown, shingled—inside the ceilings will be beamed with timbers."

His younger brother Wayne, who's twenty-one to Guy's twenty-five, is living with him now, attending Los Angeles City College. Blond, with a smile identical to Guy's, he's not quite as husky. He's as naïve and shy as Guy was at first. "We're not glib talkers," said Guy, straightforwardly. "Neither are we yokels. Hollywood is just so very *different* until you understand you must remain your own self, in spite of the pressure. I'd have returned to college if I hadn't gotten my picture break. I'm getting an even better education from Hollywood, I think."

One nice part of it is that when he isn't working he can sleep late. Call Guy at eleven a.m. and if you've waked him up he'll say so, honestly. Wayne has to leave the house early, as he hitch-hikes across the city to his classes. The two of them take the hundred mile drive over the mountains to the adobe house in the country—where they grew up—on all holidays. There their youngest brother Harold, who's sixteen, eagerly asks Guy to go hunting with him. Wayne doesn't get excited over bow-and-arrows or guns. Guy said, "Like all kids we quarreled and had our fights among ourselves. But we get along fine now."

He learned right off in Hollywood that he couldn't achieve the perpetual motion of Henry Willson, who discovered him for Selznick. "I followed Henry about for two whole days and figured if I had to kill myself rushing like that I'd better skip it. I am not the hurrying type. Especially with any new experience. I take it slowly, savor it, so I fully recognize what I am doing—and why. As a kid I had an inferiority complex because I had less money than the snobbish crowd in school. I always had to work before and after school, never had the money or time to loll around. The Navy matured me in that respect; when I got this break in Hollywood I was past the inferiority complex phase."

"Humility is a different thing. That I've got in a big dose, because I respect talent and training. I soon learned movie acting is not just being yourself before cameras. Yourself isn't good enough. You have to polish up. I've had to work like a dog here. Which suits me perfectly, for I'm accustomed to that. I knew I knew nothing about acting, had everything to learn, and said so. Today I'm still extremely self-conscious, always worry whether I am doing the things Hollywood calls essentially right. But I'll tell you this: I'm not afraid! It seems quite normal to me to progress step by step. Testing for rôles is hard for me. You learn that you can't imitate a director in playing a part, for you don't feel it if you do

and that is picked up by the camera. You have to understand the person's motives before you can represent a character."

"All this has been a brand new sort of studying for me, of course. A director has taken the place of a professor. The director's attitude is of great importance to me. Frankly, I admit I'm very sensitive. 'You've got to get over that here!' people advise me. I define sensitiveness as 'the desire to please.' That I have, and I say if you're not sensitive you're not living. I'm patient and I require patience. I can't respond to a director who gets highhanded. When anyone starts pushing me, I balk. The director who blows up, and some do—well, he just isn't enjoying life!"

"I've encountered much cynicism in Hollywood. I don't like it. Cynical criticism of myself or anyone else hurts me. I have a good sense of humor, so joking criticism, intelligent comment, or kidding is all right. There's too much of the mean brand. I have learned how much ruthlessness there is here. But I'll never change. I'll never use other people just to advance myself, or trample on competition. That'd make me miserable. My own goal is happiness—and if that can include Hollywood success, swell! I admire those stars who are well balanced, casual about their fame because they view it in proportion, who haven't become nervous wrecks."

"You can coast through life most places, but not in Hollywood. Here everybody is trying his and her best to get ahead. You have to set your own standards. I look for sincerity, which is just another term for honesty, and a sense of humor, in all potential friends. What still confuses me is my lack of judgment regarding people. Believe me, I've been fooled since I came to Hollywood! And it's pretty tough realizing you've been taken in, that some who are nice to your face are knifing you when you're not there. Most of the people you meet in Hollywood are trying to promote themselves, and that seems to lead many of them into hard-boiled ways. Climbing that way still doesn't intrigue me."

"I'm not impressed by Hollywood's '400' because at their parties so many of those present are frightenedly putting on fronts. (Which is all right if they don't try to make you believe it.) I enjoy small parties where you can get to know one another and everybody relaxes and behaves naturally. As for night clubs? I haven't been to any for two months now. They're fun—if you're in the mood for them. I don't have much money to splurge. I haven't made many friends among the big stars yet. That's another thing I've learned about Hollywood. Being tossed into the same gossip column with star names doesn't mean you're pals. Friendship grows slowly here, as everywhere else."

The flood of publicity Guy's had hasn't spoiled him. "I take interviews seriously, because I care what fans think of me. I want them to know I'm human. I don't think pose is necessary. When I go to a premiere the studio provides a swanky

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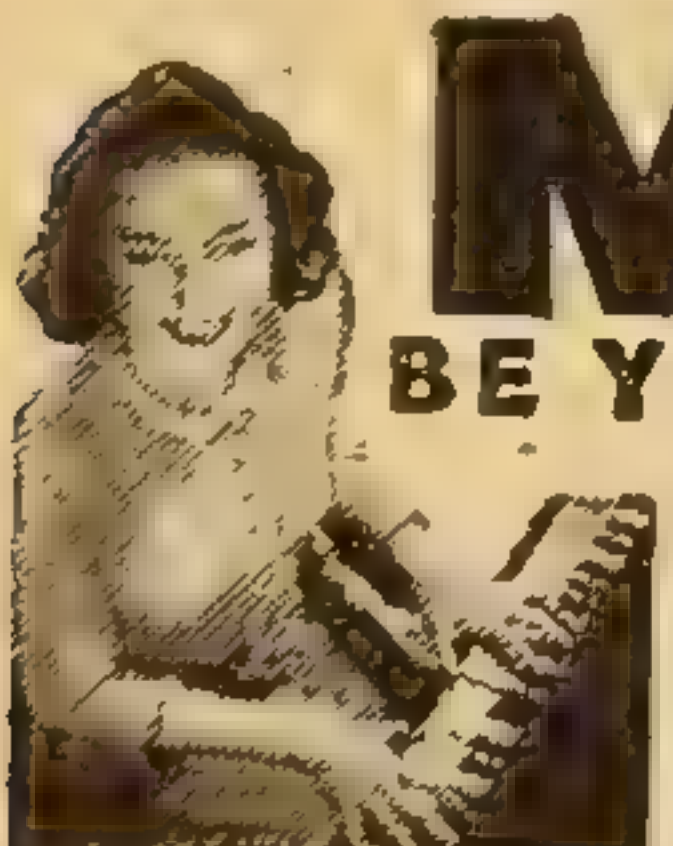
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car for the occasion. Why pretend it's mine. The *facts* are more interesting, aren't they? Sure, I blow my top at some things. For example, I pay for phone service and they wake me up at whatever time I tell them. They were just plain half an hour late recently, and that made me half an hour late on the set, for which I was blamed instantaneously. It's little unfairnesses like that which hurt a fellow's feelings. Those unfair digs. The 'So you're a big star now!' cracks. I'm with myself all the time, and I haven't changed basically by moving from one part of California to another. If all this blew sky high, I'd get going in some other business. I had no money, but I got my kicks when I worked as a telephone lineman pre-war. Hollywood's much more fun, but it's got to stay part-fun!

"I like to get fan letters," Guy declared, because I enjoy discussions and hearing various viewpoints. I think tolerance goes with an inquisitive mind. I don't play cards, but they're fine for those who like them. I haven't been to the races, but they're great if you want to go. My favorite relaxations are surfing and hunting. That iodized seashore air makes you hungry as a bear and nothing confuses you when you're at your healthiest. I take regular dramatic and diction coaching between pictures, and when I'm not reporting to the studio with Rory Calhoun for our coaching, or reading aloud at home—an essential for voice expression, I have learned—I take off to swim or hunt. If I sat around the house here waiting for word of the next picture, I'd go mad. Besides the deal here is that you have no time to yourself when you're on a picture. So you learn to adjust to change and make the most of it.

"I like to hunt with Rory. We took sleeping bags up to a mountain cabin when we went trout shooting. His dog wouldn't eat his cooking, but I ate it! When he was on location at Catalina for 'Adventure Island' I went over so we could get in a little hunting there, too. It doesn't pay to look too far ahead, I found out. *For things change.* It's good to have fun while you're young.

"It isn't so that you forget old friends when you get a picture break. I see Si Santiago, Eldon Setterholm, and Danny Shull, from my original home town, often. They still chuckle remembering our first visit to the Hollywood Canteen, as sailors, when we tried to batter our way through to dance with Betty Grable. They still roar remembering how learning to smoke a cigarette for my first picture bit was a problem for me. I am not," emphasized Guy, "the lonely type. I've always had good buddies. When they can get off now those three old friends of mine and Wayne and I head for Laguna Beach. I tie my surfboard on top of my car. We stay in an auto court, sometimes five to a room, dragging along sleeping bags to make up for the bed shortage. As soon as we wake up we hit that Pacific Ocean. I want to buy a sailboat when I can afford one.

"One reason—the main one—I've been interested in health is that I had to be. When I was eight I wasn't doing so well. I was shipped away from my family for a whole year, to a mountain preven-

torium. That's why I concentrated on the outdoor life. But," he said, "please don't conclude I'm athletic and nothing more. I read books, believe it or not!" Within hand's reach in his den were "Strange Fruit," "The King's General," a history of jazz, a number of volumes of poems and plays he's read aloud, "McSorley's Wonderful Saloon," even "An Actor Prepares," by Constantin Stanislavski. A fan gave him the latter, requesting his opinion of the Russian art theater's drama theories. Guy admitted, "At the time I'd never heard of Stanislavski. Soon as I found out who he was I wondered if I were being ribbed. But ignorance is no sin. I'd never heard of Garbo before I got into pictures. Not *doing* something about your lack of knowledge is the mistake.

"What's most stimulating in Hollywood?" I asked him next. "The opportunity to learn practically everything," he replied. "I was such an awkward dancer with Gail I wanted to get hep, so I took lessons in dancing. Ranging from rumba, waltzing, tapping, to jitterbugging. I've been invited skiing; I'm going to learn how so I can accept next time." He reached for a book not in sight. It was his dictionary. "This is my chum," he said. "If I have a virtue, it's a tremendous desire to *learn*."

When Selznick thrust him into his first play, after completion of "Honeymoon," Guy was able to have but four days' rehearsal. The rest of the cast were stage veterans. Guy'd never even been in a high school play. He concentrated like fury, and clicked as strongly as he has on the screen. He discovered that audience laughter—actually hearing it—made him happy. "I wanted to see what I could accomplish on the stage. I learned I couldn't talk naturally there. Opening night there were too many people I knew out front; I was tense the first half of the first scene. Gail got so nervous she had to get up and pace the lobby!

"No, I don't know my neighbors well," Guy confessed. "That'd make obligations I can't keep up yet. I'm traveling light until I can start making the chairs myself for the den in that home I'm going to build, I *hope*! It's a gamble, you know. When I was fifteen my steer came in first at the County Fair. I could have gotten three hundred dollars for it. I refused that, holding out for the national livestock competition. And lost there. I still feel trying, all-out, for what you want is worthwhile."

He looked at the stunning wristwatch Gail gave him last Christmas. "Selfishness, I've observed, is the cause for many Hollywood divorces. I believe in a marriage lasting. I believe in a real family—I want to get a recording machine," he said, switching the subject abruptly. "So far the studio's let me do only one radio show, a 'Truth or Consequences' program. It was a ball. Now I ought to practice on records here at home.

"I've learned a lot in Hollywood so far. Every newcomer here does. I haven't learned anything new about love, though. It's no game. It's for keeps. At least with me it is." He put on his shoes, shook hands at his front door. "What I've told you today is no baloney. It's the truth!"

That I believe.

Graduate from "Career Adolescence"

Continued from page 42

down at his neat dark suit and well-polished shoes. "I'm afraid I haven't changed so much when it comes to clothes," he confided. "I've never been terribly interested in them, I'll never be a best-dressed-man, but now I'm not antagonistic. I try to look as if what I have on belongs to me. When I wear a beatup outfit, it's because I'm going to do something that calls for old clothes, or because I'm comfortable in them, not because of an insincere 'I'll show them I don't care' attitude."

If success comes right away, and an actor is acclaimed a genius on release of his first picture, Tom thinks he's apt to believe his own publicity.

"I wasn't acclaimed, and I doubt if anyone charged me with genius," he grinned, "but I had a good notice or so. 'This boy is a definite find' or something. I had to concentrate pretty hard, but I finally managed to believe it. Then I was six months without a picture. I got so restless I was even glad to go into 'Courage of Lassie,' just so I could work. I was afraid people would forget me. That picture wasn't released for a year, so it didn't help much, but working was good for my morale."

There were some introductory interviews when Tom signed his MGM contract, but no one asked his opinions because, as he point out, unless people know you they don't care what you think. Today it's different, and he's willing to be quoted. This, he declares, is his honest slant on romance, success, Hollywood, marriage, life and friendship.

Tom swears that he is going to wait five years at least before he gets married again. He has no special girl in mind at the moment, so please don't try to fit one into his specifications. He likes attractive girls, but raving beauty isn't a "must"—not that he's against it. But let's let him talk.

"I like vivacious, interesting girls, who are themselves interested in people. I don't care for the life-of-the-party type who want to be the center of attention so badly that she puts on forced gaiety, drinks too much and shouts at the top of her lungs. But if a girl happens to be the real life of the party because she's delighted with the crowd, and is so witty or interesting that everyone hangs on what she's saying, if she's having fun and giving me a good time, too, that's wonderful! She can have a cocktail or two, if she wants it, so long as it isn't terribly important to her.

"I hear people say that the girl who is a good sport and a real pal will never be a bride. I don't agree with that. I do believe, though, that if a man and girl meet, become good friends and continue that way for a long time, it's probably true they won't fall in love—lightning just won't strike them. On the other hand, I know a couple who are terribly in love, but they hate everything else about each other, find nothing they can agree on, and are completely miserable. They've been married seven years,

know they'd be happier apart, but can't break the bond because they're so desperately in love."

If two people are in love and can also be good friends and real pals, Tom thinks that's wonderful.

"Danny Kaye and Sylvia Fine seem to have both love and the ability to work together. He gives her credit for his success and depends on her a lot. I'm sure he doesn't resent her, and there's no reason why he should. But sometimes a woman is so ambitious for her husband that she keeps prodding him, acting as if she alone were responsible for his success, and she hurts his ego. He begins to wonder if she's interested in financial security, or the social prestige of his success, and is belittling his own accomplishments. Naturally, he resents it.

"There have been men whose wives have helped them to succeed who, once they have arrived, turn around and fall in love with a quite different woman. I think this often occurs because both of them mistook the feeling they had for love. What drew them together at first was a common passion for a career. She guided that career because she had a talent for it, just as he had a gift for singing, or dancing, or acting, whatever it was. Love had nothing to do with it.

"I don't like bossy women. She who bosses her husband in public cuts the bond between them. If she bosses him, she probably dictates to all her relatives and friends. She can't be charming, subtle and tactful anywhere. I'll admit that some men like to be mothered. But that's another story.

"A woman should be a home-maker, interested in home and children, just as a man should be interested in them. I like a woman to be capable of running her home with or without help, just as an executive in any business must first know how to take orders if he is to give them.

"Women, as well as men, should be good listeners. If you talk well, cultivate the gift of listening—that's something I should learn!" He broke off with a crooked little grin. "If you're quiet, no one knows how ignorant you are. My father used to tell me that; I wish I'd listened to him!"

A common complaint of successful Hollywoodians is that they can't tell whether people like them for themselves, or merely play up to them in order to bask in reflected glory. "I'm afraid to make friends!" they sigh.

"Suppose people do make up to you because of your success," Tom argued, "even so, you are bound to gain something from knowing them. You can read good books, see fine plays and pictures, listen to wonderful music and interesting lectures, and you'll get something, yes. But not nearly so much as you'll get from contact with people. If you're let down by a man you considered a friend, your ego is hurt, but does it really matter? You'll develop into a well-rounded



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The Alan Ladd's new baby son, David Alan, made his camera debut when our publisher, Mr. Paul Hunter, dropped in for a visit on his recent trip to Hollywood.

person only through associating with people, living a real life.

"If you ask for loyalty and don't get it, of course you'll be hurt. But you shouldn't demand anything of friends, as you shouldn't demand anything of life. Life is lent to us, not given. Nothing is actually given to us. If we own a home, we have to pay taxes on it. Follow that pattern with friendship, and you won't be disillusioned.

"Why should you say: 'Will this person stand by me in trouble? Will he support me always, no matter what I do? Will he try to understand me when I'm wrong?' Why not: 'Will I stand by him in time of trouble? Will I be a good friend to him?' Oh, never ask anything, even mentally, of a friend!"

Many young actors make themselves miserable over items in gossip columns. Lack of comment makes others even more miserable, and they try to crash into print in silly fashions.

"Publicity given by a studio is usually good," is Tom's observation, "the kind you get yourself, gossip you provoke, is often bad. If you get a reputation as temperamental, incompetent or irresponsible, that's horrible. Mere gossip doesn't hurt as much as you imagine. You see, most actors exaggerate, just as most writers do—every story can be improved by stretching it a little, so a lot is discounted and goes in one ear and out the other. Keep on having good pictures, and gossip won't matter. Even if true, it's the truth of it that hurts, not what's said."

How much private life can an actor have? Tom considered the subject, frowning, and decided that it depends on what he wants most.

"Some people are all wrapped up in their careers, they like all that goes with it, enjoy autographing, making personal appearances, posing; you must be tremendously successful to be in great demand, and if you like that, Hollywood offers you a lot.

"Perhaps you truthfully say you want to lead a quiet life, but if so, you're in the wrong business. A studio has to sell

your pictures, or soon you won't be making any. One or two actors may retire behind an iron curtain, but if they keep refusing to talk, people will say: 'So what? Who cares?' Actors like Bill Powell, Clark Gable and Spencer Tracy, who don't give interviews today, had to do it on the way up.

"I used to buy movie magazines to read about stars, when I was a kid. I remember Greta Garbo's picture was on almost every cover, nearly every issue had a story about her, even though all she seemed to say was: 'I want to be a-lone!' She got more publicity that way than the rest of them did. But it takes a Garbo to get away with it.

"One type of publicity I hate is the home lay-out. Turning your own home into Stage 16, using your children as props, isn't fair. During the war, there was good reason for it because all of us not at the front were civilians together, doing our own work because there were no servants, worrying about ration points, fixing up meatless meals and so on. It was interesting to housewives to see how stars managed, since we were all in the same boat. But today, I think it's bad."

Censorship is often flayed when actors get together, but Tom thinks there's a lot to be said for it.

"Censoring women's clothes, manners, dialogue and suggestive scenes in films may seem silly, because most major studios have good taste and won't put offensive matter on the screen; but sometimes a quickie producer who borrows money to make a picture will transgress good taste, and the industry has to be protected against him," he explained. "I think we need more censorship in advertising. The mildest little film frequently gets a shot of hot advertising; people go in, expecting to see something sexy, and come out mad as hops because they saw nothing of the kind, while those who might have enjoyed the picture stay away."

The most important thing for an actor is to know himself professionally, Tom believes; know what he can and can't do.

"Some few actors have excellent judgment," he admitted. "They can look beyond themselves and a good rôle and decide whether or not an audience would like a picture. Such actors should select their own stories. Others can't judge. Spencer Tracy says that all the films he fought against doing ('San Francisco,' 'Captains Courageous,' 'Boys' Town') were big hits, while some others he was eager to do turned out not so hot. I think I know what I can do, but perhaps I'd have to do it first to be sure. I know I can't select my own pictures, but I have definite ideas about what I don't want to do."

As to audiences: "People have more war nerves after a war than during it. Then it was a fight we were all in, more or less. Now, the real struggle is over and we are shadow-boxing a lot of things we don't understand. It's a period of frustration."

"Drinking in pictures has become interesting to audiences. They see someone on the screen trying to fight frustration with liquor. The same thing goes on in New York on Broadway in 'Happy Birthday' and 'The Iceman Cometh.'"

"In the depression, music reflected

much the same feeling. There was a song about music going round and round. They tell me one radio station got so many requests for it that they used to play that record alone between six and six-thirty every evening. Now it's 'Open the Door, Richard.' Last night, I heard a symphony orchestra play it. Behind the beautiful music you kept hearing a raucous: 'Open de do', Richud!'"

Prevailing criticism of Hollywood's star system leaves Tom cold.

"Hollywood is the place where newcomers get a break," he insists. "Producers often want an unknown for an important rôle. Vivian Leigh got her chance in 'Gone with the Wind,' Joan Fontaine in 'Rebecca,' and Richard Hart plays opposite Greer Garson in his first picture and Lana Turner in 'Green Dolphin Street'—a wonderful break for someone new."

"I know we sometimes put a novel on the screen to please some well-known star. That star doesn't happen to fit the character as the author wrote it, so we change the thing around to suit our star, and Hollywood gets razed!"

If a man is the sum of his thoughts, here you have him—the real Tom Drake.

Mr. Exhibitor Has His Fling

Continued from page 35

war records was taken the true story of eight different girls who lived at the Officers' Club in Shanghai and who secured information from the German officers quartered there which helped to shorten the war. Lou Ansell jumped into being a producer just by using plain common sense: giant sets which cost next to nothing, a top director, good actors, and a location that was strike-proof.

Not that production in Mexico was a cinch. "Women in the Night" may not have cost as much as "The Yearling," but it had every one of its location headaches. In the first place, the cast and crew of 76 had to be housed. In Ensenada, there was no adequate hotel, so everyone lived at La Playa. When everyone lives under the same roof, there are bound to be complications. The chorus girls for night club scenes, to say nothing of the regular actresses, caused the handsome Mexican men to sit up and take notice. The crew was part Mexican, possessing the Mexicans' notorious gallantry and charm. The girls were not immune to rumba dates, flowers and champagne. The American crew didn't just lap this situation up like honey.

Since the hotel had not been occupied for years, the heating system was out of order and could not be repaired. The weather, contrary to reports, was cold. Hot water was a luxury, heated rooms a happy accident. The kitchen had to be completely remodeled before chefs could use it to make three meals a day. There were technical problems, such as finding a projection room to show the daily rushes. Finally, a local theater owner allowed the Ansell to use his projection room in the mornings. But before this could be done, the film had to be

developed. Every day's shooting had to be airmailed from Mexico to Hollywood and back before it could be run off. Getting cameras and other expensive equipment down to Mexico was also a problem. Unreasonable deposits were asked, in addition to the rental fees, just in case the equipment never got back.

But on the happy side of the ledger was that the cast and crew were getting, in addition to their salaries, a wonderful vacation. After all, there were only so many working hours in the day. Then there was a smooth, wonderful beach for swimming. There was the surrounding territory to be explored on horseback. There were colorful night clubs where the best imported champagne cost only three dollars a quart, and no cover charge. For the girls there were romantic Latins, whose rumba and manners were out of this world. And for the men, there were lovely señoritas, with flashing white teeth, gentle graceful manners, and mantillas. It was definitely foreign, exciting, and different. And as Lou Ansell kept watch over his "family," he knew he was on the threshold of a dream. Yet the fact that he was a producer didn't start in Hollywood, nor in Mexico. It started many years ago, when he was just eighteen. Maybe it began even before that.

"It seems to me," says Lou, "that being a producer is what I wanted from the first time I stood, a kid in knee pants, at the corner of Fourth and Washington Avenue in my native St. Louis—with my mouth open and my eyes like saucers. I was watching the first flickering shadows I had ever seen being projected on a white canvas screen fastened to the wall of a bakery building. The film was for advertising purposes and was shown free.

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Buy United States Savings Bonds Through The Payroll Saving Plan.

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PROTECT YOUR IDEAS!
HOLD ALL SONGS, POEMS!
Write for safe, correct procedure!

SONG SERVICE

Dept. 35-333 West 56th St., New York 19, N. Y.

It showed a housewife putting a newly baked pie out on the window sill to cool.

"Movies had just opened, but you had to have a nickel to get in—and I didn't have the nickel. I asked my mother for the money, but she said that bread was more important, a reasonable deduction. I was very young, and I screamed at her angrily that I was going to run away and she would never see her little boy again. I got over that an hour or so later when my father came home and applied his belt strap where it did the most good.

"But what I didn't get over was my consuming desire to get into the atmosphere of theatricals. So, for several years, from the time I had reached the ripe, old age of fourteen until I was eighteen, I trod the boards of various Catholic Church auditoriums, as a member of an amateur dramatic club. We put on plays to help raise funds. It was good experience, and it gave me a little dramatic background."

It also gave him a desire to stay in show business. Remember, he was only eighteen. But he hadn't been a careless and carefree kid. By working as a stenographer and denying himself almost every form of entertainment except an occasional nickel movie, he had saved \$300. With that money, he started his career as an exhibitor.

"I took over a small neighborhood picture show which was in the process of being dismantled because the owner had lost his shirt there," reminisces Lou. "To do this, I had to quit my job. By the end of the first week, I was minus not only my \$300—for I also lost *my* shirt—but my job, and jobs were hard to get in those days."

Maybe a less determined kid would have given up his dream. Not Lou. He was broken-hearted. That \$300 had been hard to save. It represented a lot of sacrifice, and it was all gone in a brief week. But Lou, being a practical person, went back to work. On the side, he dabbled in more amateur plays, and continued to moon about the theater. Then, at twenty-one, with a hundred dollars of his own and two hundred he had borrowed from his older brother, Lou took over—on an installment basis—a 188-seat "grind" house on Broadway. It was sandwiched in between two much better houses, which had the movie product all sewed up for that district.

"My brother winced when I asked him for the loan," says Lou, "and predicted a second failure for me. But he said he would let me have the money just to convince me that I should give up show business and be satisfied with my job as a stenographer. I was pretty young, and the memory of the \$300 that had disappeared in a week was still strong. So, with my heart throbbing in my shoes instead of my chest, I laid all the money I had in the world before the owner of this 'grind' house and closed the deal.

"My heart dropped even lower when I signed the loosely prepared document which stated I had a picture show as long as I kept up the payments, with the payments running until the end of time. I felt a little better as I watched the spieler drumming up the business. I went inside the darkened theater. I heard the

music from the electric piano in accompaniment to the wild chase of the cowboys. I had mixed feelings as I stood there, as if I were coming home. For, you see, I was in show business again—this time for keeps."

Lou took over the theater the next day. It was Sunday, April 9, 1916. He didn't even have enough change to open the box office, but with the cooperation of the first few customers, he managed. It was a drizzling, black day, but business was good. Lou took in \$50. His expenses were \$33. "Golly," he thought, "seventeen bucks profit!" Elatedly, he figured that at \$17 per day profit, in thirty days, he'd be rich. He'd have \$510, four times as much as he made as a stenographer!

But the next day was Monday. And although the spieler worked just as hard, the receipts only totaled \$8, while the expenses still remained an inexorable \$33.

"By Friday," remembers Lou, "I knew I had made another horrible mistake. The receipts up to then were less than \$90, but the expenses were a staggering \$165. My brother and father had both warned me not to try this business. The theater was still thought of as new, a gamble, a speculative investment. I suddenly ached all over. Even in the heart of me."

It was no wonder he ached, and literally. For Lou had been working fourteen hours a day: hanging up large posters, going after and lugging down the street heavy cans of films, cleaning up the theater, selling tickets in the box office, returning the heavy cans of film by street car, carrying by hand ice for ice water for the customers, cleaning up the theater after the last show. It was after midnight before he closed shop. All the way home he was thinking.

What was the matter with his theater? The other places were doing well. What did they have that he didn't have? Suddenly, Lou snapped up straight. What did they have? Why, they must have *tricks!* The next morning he looked over the display fronts of every theater on Market Street to see what enticed the customers. He just had to look once; it was stunningly clear. There before him, in front of house after house, was the evidence—Charlie Chaplin.

In those days, the famous funny man drew customers like flies. Lou had concentrated on gun play and cowboys. So had the other theaters. But, in addition, they had Chaplin. In an instant, Lou discovered that people like to laugh, to be entertained, to forget their troubles. Chaplin's films were the original escapist pictures.

Lou was only twenty-one, but he learned something else, too. Every business has its short cuts. So, besides offering Chaplin films, he used other tricks, such as running again and again old Tom Mix subjects, old Bill Hart subjects, old good repeats of any western picture. He built special lobby fronts, ordered sensational cutouts to beckon customers. Before long, the competitor on his right begged Lou to buy him out. The competitor on his left, after failing to put Lou out of business by giving away a five cent soft drink with every five cent admission, took Lou in as his partner. Several months later, Lou closed up his

first theater and kept the two houses he had bought from his competitors. Two houses—a chain. His future began.

The years went on. Gradually Lou Ansell bought up other theaters. In 1933 his brother, Joseph, joined him in the business, to be a partner in every venture from that day forward. Their theater chain grew. By 1946, the Ansell brothers owned thirty theaters in Missouri.

Everything was running smoothly. Too smoothly, for Lou was beginning to get bored. The theaters almost ran themselves. Brother Joseph looked after all matters financial. Lou could no longer run after the film, or lug ice down the street. He began to talk about getting into the producing end of the business. He talked so long and so hard that both his wife and his brother said either to produce a picture or shut up. Lou didn't shut up.

He wanted to test out a few of his theories. One was that the bobby-sox contingent, reportedly the backbone of the box office, did *not* buy the majority of tickets. His survey showed that *less than ten percent* of the admissions from his thirty Missouri theaters came from bobby-soxers. Rather, it was the middle-aged group who spent their evenings "going to the movies." Another theory of his was that star "names" were not necessarily box office dynamite. He had been checking box office receipts for years. He knew whereof he spoke, and he had found that most star "names" had no box office draw at all. If the picture was bad, even biggies had lost money for him. Furthermore, rather than "names," Ansell believed that exploitation was the answer to the exhibitors' prayer. With intelligent, provocative, conversation-making exploitation, a picture with only featured players could make money.

"When you sit in the office and count up your receipts," says Ansell, "you learn the facts of the picture business. And the facts are: that most of the movie going public are over thirty-five; that many of the so-called big names don't mean a thing on the marquee. I learned that the best advertising in the world is by word-of-mouth. When one person tells another that a picture is good, the exhibitor makes money. I found that the thing that makes people talk about a picture in a way to get others to buy tickets was not the name of the star, nor a plot aimed at adolescents, but a good, solid story.

There are a lot of good actors and actresses in Hollywood who are not big stars. They can do as good a job as names. If they have a good story to back them up, the picture is a hit."

These are revolutionary thoughts. We've heard of the bobby sox group. We've heard of the "star system." We've almost come to believe it. But an exhibitor isn't fooled by press agency, by fads, nor ballyhoo. He looks at just one thing: the box office receipts at the end of the day. Lou Ansell, with thirty-five years experience of counting such receipts, should be in a position to know what kind of pictures make money.

That's why "Women in the Night" is a test case, so to speak. For not only did he use his good common sense in circumventing production costs, he gambled on his convictions. As a result, his picture is definitely adult; it is not slanted just for young people. It deals with an exciting, shocking, dramatic story, a real story—a true one. But it is not sweet sixteen-ish. Also, he has gambled his money, \$800,000 of it, on the fact that if a story is good, you don't need top star names. His players are excellent; but they aren't biggies. Virginia Christine, Bill Henry, Tala Birell are not the Gables, the Turners, or the Garsons. But Lou Ansell is gambling that good acting in a good story will ring the register.

Years ago, when Lou Ansell saw that first flickering picture on the bakery wall, it must have seemed a long way to success and fame. As for his ever being a Hollywood movie producer, well, that wasn't even in the script. So today, as the curtain goes up on the most exciting chapter of his life, he must feel a certain satisfaction. If "Women in the Night" is a success, Lou's \$800,000 will grow into a gargantuan golden ball. He'll take that money and make another picture. If that succeeds, he'll make still another.

But, even if it fails, the worst that can ever happen to Lou is to return to his chain of theaters and count his profits at the end of the day. For, although this time he and his brother could lose considerably more than \$300, Lou will never have to work as a stenographer again.

You see, it's a wonderful life we have here in these United States, where yesterday's Lou Ansell, stenographer, is today's Lou Ansell, producer. It's a wonderful life because of a very precious American heritage: the right to dream.

NOREEN NASH

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GOLDEN GLINT

Tired Kidneys Often Bring Sleepless Nights

Doctors say your kidneys contain 15 miles of tiny tubes or filters which help to purify the blood and keep you healthy. When they get tired and don't work right in the daytime, many people have to get up nights. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder. Don't neglect this condition and lose valuable, restful sleep.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may also cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 50 years. Doan's give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

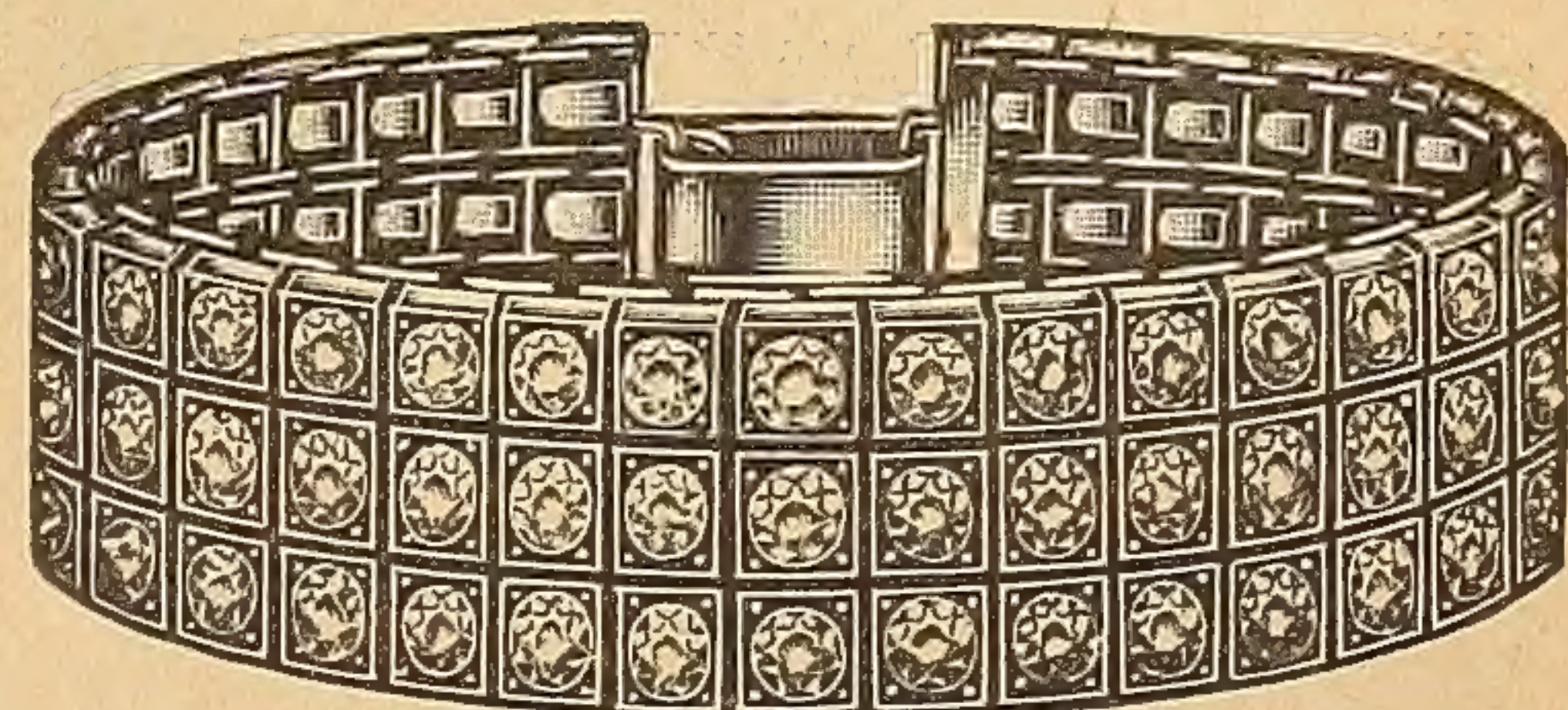
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ANSWERS TO SCREEN TESTS ON PAGE 12

LETTERS TO STARS

(Van) JOHNSON, (Greer) GARSON, (Greta) GARBO, (Clark) GABLE, (Betty) GRABLE, (Judy) GARLAND, (Laraine) DAY, (William) POWELL, (Tyrone) POWER, (Ginger) ROGERS, (June) ALLYSON, (Myrna) LOY, (Hedy) LAMARR, (Fredric) MARCH, (Spencer) TRACY, (James) CAGNEY, (Ann) SHERIDAN, (Gene) TIERNEY, (Charles) BOYER, (Bette) DAVIS.

TITLE HODGE-PODGE

The Best Years of Our Lives; The Shocking Miss Pilgrim; Blaze of Noon; Stairway to Heaven; Till the Clouds Roll By; The Sea of Grass; Suddenly It's Spring; That Way With Women; I've Always Loved You; The Walls Came Tumbling Down.

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